VHAT THIS TROUBLED WORLD NEEDS by MARY PICKFOR

DEC 21, 1935

Liberty

5¢

7TH. AVE. EXPRESS
180TH. ST. BRONX PK

ECRETS I HAVE KEPT FOR YEARS by JOE HUMPHREY

Dean of American Boxing Announcer

VE ARE BARBARIANS – AND WE LIKE IT – Ethiopian Chiefs Defy Civilizati

Anything New for my Christmas Tree?

"*YES INDEED!*" SAYS GENERAL ELECTRIC

"ELECTRIC" CANDLES . . . Think of it! Small white candles, with tiny electric lamps whose filaments sparkle with all the joy of the old-fashioned tallow candle. Inexpensive. Easy to attach as your present lamps. And as true to the tradition of Christmas as a sprig of mistletoe.

"LUMINOUS" CANDLES . . . Small glass candles that fairly glow from tip to base with warm, cheery color. Made for both series★ and multiple★ strings.

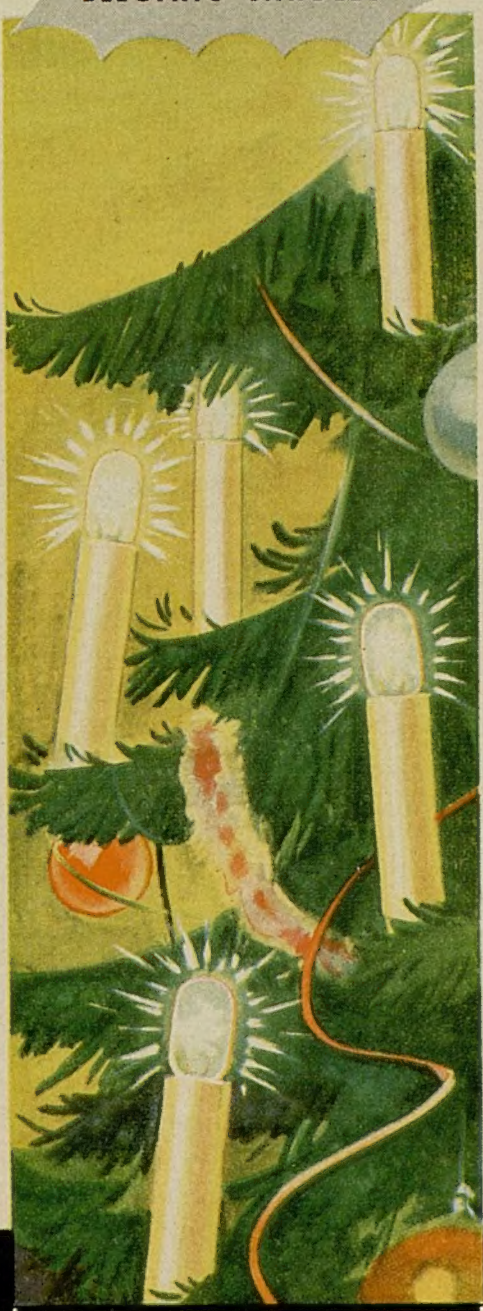
"MULTIPLE" XMAS TREE LAMPS . . . "Multiple" will mean a lot to you when you realize that, with this new type lamp, the entire string does not go out when one lamp goes dead. No need, with these colorful, sparkling lamps, to play an irritating game of "hide and seek" looking for elusive, burned-out lamps.

And, of course, for the millions of strings already in use, there is the famous line of standard pine-cone shape G-E Mazda Xmas Tree lamps. Preferred because, in contrast to so-called "bargain" Xmas tree lamps, they do not burn out prematurely or lose their color and sparkle. And here's a suggestion: Try trimming your tree with lamps of the same color. All blue, all red, etc. The effect is unusual. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

★ *In series strings when one lamp burns out the whole string goes "dead" until the burned-out lamp is replaced.*

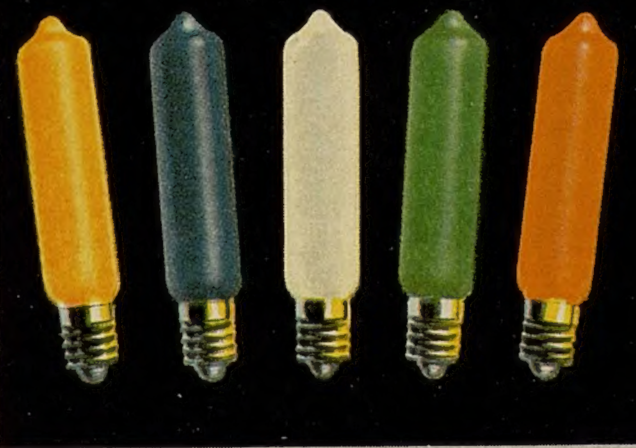
★ *In multiple strings, a "dead" lamp does not affect the burning of the rest of the lamps.*

New!
ELECTRIC CANDLES



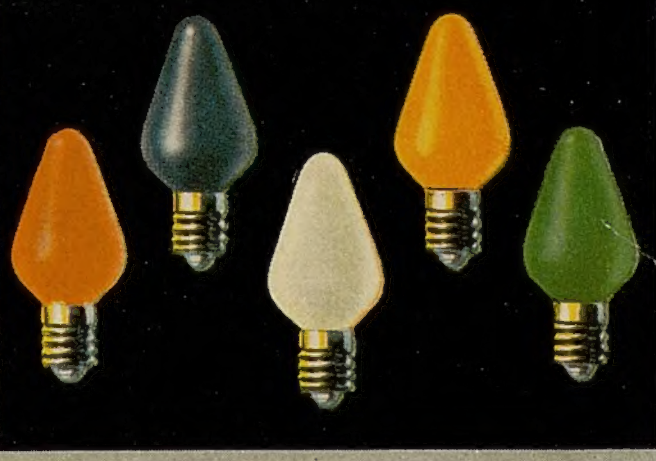
"I INSISTED ON G-E MAZDA XMAS TREE LAMPS THIS YEAR · · · LAST YEAR MY HUSBAND WAS ALMOST FRANTIC CHANGING BURNED-OUT 'BARGAINS' ..AND THE COLORS WERE DULL AND LIFELESS TOO!"
G-E MAZDA Xmas Tree Lamps

New!
LUMINOUS CANDLES



STANDARD PINE CONE SHAPE
in White, Red, Blue, Green and Orange

New!
MULTIPLE LAMPS



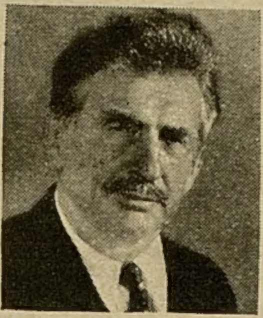
G-E MAZDA LAMPS STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

DECEMBER 21, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 51

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Damn It! Let's Keep Out of This War!



BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE President very plainly announced that we intend to remain neutral in the bloody catastrophe in which Italy and Ethiopia are engaged at this time.

But neutrality means just that and nothing else!

We are not a member of the League of Nations and are not obliged to take any action in its decisions. And though the League officials concluded certain restrictions which they termed "sanctions" should be enforced against Italy, these decisions should not necessarily affect us in any way.

Why take the chance of being involved by adopting measures favoring either of the contending nations? We should stand aloof! Refuse to take any part! As neutrals that is our duty! If we enforce an oil or cotton embargo or refuse to ship merchandise in accordance with our usual procedure, it is entirely possible that it might be interpreted as a hostile act.

Some of our officials like to feel that we are big and powerful and that in world affairs it is our duty to exert a moral force in such a serious situation. And although a large percentage of our citizens might endorse such a procedure they should at the same time consider the possible results of such action.

When we act upon the League's recommendations we are automatically obliged to assume the associated responsibilities. Mussolini is reported to have said he considers an oil embargo a declaration of war. This statement may be a bluff, but suppose he should sink one of our ships or adopt other reprisals. This is not by any means impossible. Then there would be but little choice. Such a situation would probably lead to war.

Some might argue that Italy would not dare to take such chances. But no one can foresee the action of a nation driven to desperation. Doubtless if all the members of the League of Nations were to join with us in a war with Italy it would last but a short time. But European statesmen have been known to change their minds. They have borrowed money, for instance, which they agreed to pay, and when the pinch came they scrapped the agreement. And why should we depend upon their promises in this instance?

We have no quarrel with Italy. We may not endorse her moral standards in her desire to take possession of Ethiopia. But if we look back far enough we will remember that we took from the Indians the land which we now term the United States.

Yes, we treated these red men with consideration when we were not fighting them; but that does not entirely excuse our grabbing propensities. People who live in glass houses should not throw stones, and when we try to enforce our present moral standards upon other nations we should give some consideration to the possible dangers.

Mussolini glorifies war. We believe it to be the release of the hordes of hell.

In our country, when we promulgate legal restrictions we usually create proper means of enforcement.

And the same situation should prevail in world affairs.

When we are big enough and strong enough to enforce our moral standards throughout the world, then we can try to control other nations.

But when such action compels us to face the possibility of war, careful restraint should be imperative.

We do not want any part in this brutal imbroglio. To impose sanctions of any kind is a dangerous procedure. It would not be unlike the European nations to leave us holding the bag. It has been done to us before.

When Europe wants to pick hot coals out of a blazing furnace, naturally it would like our assistance.

But when Europe finds itself in the midst of a menacing situation it might conclude to let us assume the entire responsibility, and we might object to taking it.

Bernarr Macfadden

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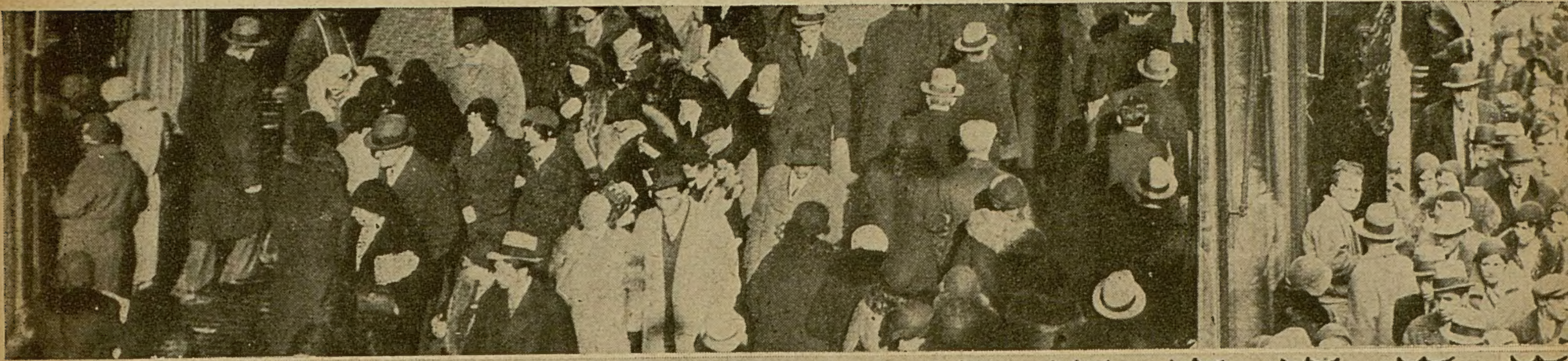
WHAT THIS TROUBLED



A Pre-Christmas Message to the Millions Who Have Blessed Her for Her Other Liberty Pieces, "Why Not Try God?" and "Why Die?"—and to Everybody Else!

From

MARY PICKFORD

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

CHRISTMAS week in New York! At no other time is the big overgrown out-of-breath city so gay, so exciting, so utterly bewildering.

From my window I can see the hurrying throngs of Christmas shoppers, some eager, some grim, all tired—all shoving, jostling, fighting their way from store to store.

I wonder, as I have often wondered before, if this is what Christmas really means, this ceaseless effort of rich and poor to outdo each other in the relative profligacy of their spending.

Is this Christmas?

Christ plus Mass—" the Mass of Christ," " the festival of the nativity of Christ "—yes, it does seem as if we moderns have departed a long way from the original definition and purpose of Christmas.

And yet—well, I love New York. It has been very kind to me. But if I stay too long in it I become nervous and high-strung. If I were a nation, I might easily get into a war. I almost did yesterday! But last night and today I have been thinking about Christmas—and now I don't want to fight anybody.

The change came suddenly yesterday at twilight, when I found myself standing here by my window and fairly beaming on the police officer directing traffic on the corner. I am not opposed to policemen. I realize their value. But normally I do not beam on them. It was the Christmas spirit which had come over me.

I remember standing by this same window one Christmas week when it was mortally cold, and this same policeman, or one who looked just like him, was standing out there in the wind, hopping first on one frozen foot and then on the other, and blowing on his hands.

Suddenly a middle-aged quietly dressed woman moved serenely out of the side street pushing a restaurant wagon—one of those tables on wheels—and, as the traffic changed, opened one of several thermos bottles and poured out a cup of hot coffee.

The officer was not surprised by this incident. He and the serene lady chatted like old friends as the cars went whizzing by on either side.

I learned afterward that the woman was a well known resident of the neighborhood. She had been performing this service for several years on each cold day in the Christmas holidays for every policeman within a radius of several blocks from her home.

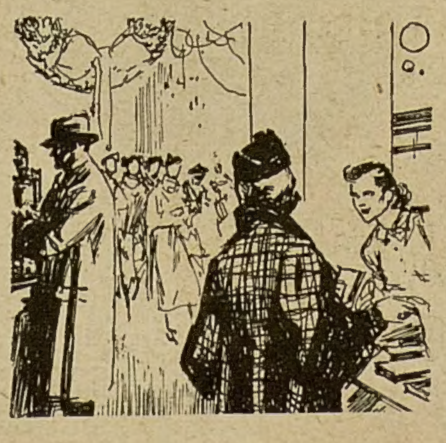
It was the memory picture of this simple Christmastide incident which had changed me from a belligerent nation to a peaceful one. And then I realized that in the very thought of Christmas I had found peace.

It wasn't just a slothful purring feeling of warmth and comfort which came over me. God's peace is not like that. God's peace stimulates the mind to think and the body to do. I wondered why I had not thought to serve coffee to that freezing policeman, and whether, if I had thought of it, I would have done it.

Would you have done it? Or would you have been embarrassed to be caught in the middle of Fifth Avenue doing a good deed?

I was talking not long ago with a girl of seventeen who spent last summer in a small New England town. She heard of a poor family up in the mountains whose children seldom had enough to eat and never had what she called fun. So she ran up the mountain path and persuaded the parents to let her borrow freckle-faced Teddy, a lad of perhaps eight, for the afternoon.

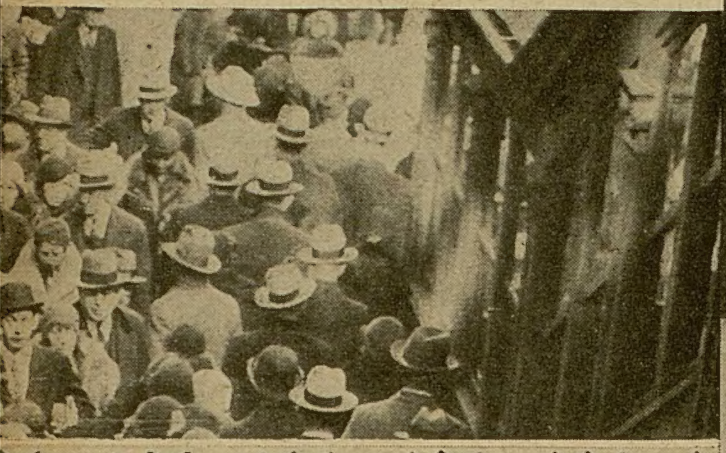
" Teddy had a wonderful time," she said, in telling me of the incident. " Movies, candy, ice cream—everything. I had a wonderful time too, until I went back to the boardinghouse for supper, when I suddenly found that I was looked upon as the village idiot. Why? Well, I guess it was because I had tried to do something good and had been caught in the act."



I fear she was too right. It seems to take more courage to do a good act than a bad one. I sometimes wonder if even that lady of the coffee would have dared to appear as a good angel on Fifth Avenue at any time but Christmas week—say, on the first of March. But that is one thing Christmas does for us: it gives us courage to do the things we ought to do—and often want to—on other days in the year.

And the world can use a little cour-

WORLD NEEDS



"From my hotel window," says Mary Pickford (left), "I can see the hurrying throngs of shoppers, all tired, shoving, jostling, fighting their way from store to store. Is this Christmas?"

age right now, even if it is only for a day!

I know a woman out in California who has a different kind of courage, and she, too, expresses it at Christmas time. As I write, I see her in my mind's eye going to the post office, as she has every Christmas week for many years, and asking the clerk if there are any letters for Santa Claus. There always are; pitiful little scrawls mostly, from poor children. The clerk is glad to give them to her, because he knows her now, and knows what she is going to do with them.

This woman's courage consisted in going, unasked and sometimes by the parents very much unwanted, to play Mrs. Santa Claus to these trusting little waifs—and to some of the parents themselves. For not all the letters asked for dollies and toys. Last year one of them read:

> DEAREST SANTA, I don't want anything for myself this Christmas, but my mama is sick, so please bring a hot-water bottle.

THREE thousand miles away, I can see that kindly woman starting out on Christmas morning in a truck piled high with gay red-and-green packages containing toys and food and dresses and undies *and* hot-water bottles, which she personally delivers to each of Santa Claus's little correspondents. Who could be bloodthirsty or warlike with sights like these in memory's eyes?

And for those of us who haven't the courage to face the curious glare of Fifth Avenue strollers or the suspicious stare of prideful parents, there is always the welcome haven of anonymity.

One Christmas not many years ago I went into a big department store in Los Angeles to do my small Christmas shopping, and saw across the floor the scurrying figure of a young man whose face is known to millions. He is not the Christmas type exactly. Some people think him hard-boiled. But the young woman waiting on me was following him admiringly with her eyes.

"You see So-and-So? He has been in this store every day for three weeks. He has personally selected more than two hundred presents on this floor alone. And every time he says: '*Send it without a card.*'"

Yes, you say, but these people all had money; anybody with plenty of money can be generous. Anybody can, but not everybody is. As a matter of fact, the Santa Claus lady does not have much money. But she has thoughtfulness and patience and willingness to give of herself. And that is what has always counted, from the first Christmas to the present one. It is true that the Wise Men of old brought frankincense and myrrh, but that is not the only reason why we remember them. It is because they came so far to deliver their gifts personally!

And by the same token the three weeks that the busy Hollywood actor spent in that department store, selecting presents for needy children he had never seen, was worth in dollars and cents many times over the money he spent on the gifts. And the energy! Those Christmas crowds, three weeks of them! And all for strangers who would never know from whom their presents came.

I cannot think that He will be less pleased with this young man who modestly hides his light under his Christmas bushel—in his case it was a carload—than He is with the lady who pushed the restaurant wagon, or the one who rode the truck.

It is easier for some of us to give than to be thanked—and although it may not be best for our souls always to do the easier thing, it is better for the spread of the Christmas spirit than it is, from sheer modesty and embarrassment, not to do anything at all.

No amount of care in the selection of your gifts according to your own tastes can acquaint you with the tastes of others. But a woman friend of mine in Los Angeles has solved that problem, too, without disclosing herself as the donor of the gifts. She calls on her people, gets acquainted with them, finds out what they most want or need, but always in the guise of the representative of a wealthy friend who wishes to remain unknown.

The story is true really, because she

is herself wealthy, and does wish to remain unknown.

Her special passion is old ladies. I remember sitting alone with her years ago in the living room at Pickfair while Over the Hill was being run off on the screen. All through the picture we both cried like babies. We had only one handkerchief between us, and after the first two reels it wasn't fit to be used.

When she began her pre-Christmas visits to old ladies' homes, she expected to be asked mostly for practical things, like a new pair of spectacles or a new set of teeth. To her amazement the first old lady she approached, a woman well over seventy-five, countered with:

" Well, I hear they're wearing more hair this season, and I would just love a new transformation."

Another asked for a tighter corset; the old one was getting too loose around the waist. A third wanted a lavender blouse, a fourth ice cream, a fifth a subscription to a Los Angeles paper, because she came from Iowa, and so many old Iowans lived in Los Angeles that she wanted to read their names in the society column.

The most pitiful request was from an old lady who said all she asked was that her visitor would try to find her son and tell him where she was. It seems that one time when her son was away, her daughter-in-law had asked her if she wouldn't like to go for a motor ride, and had left her at the door of the old ladies' home. That was years ago—and nothing had ever been heard since from either the daughter-in-law or the son.

My friend had fun on these trips, too. The old ladies gave her something back every time, if it was only a laugh. Once she noticed a perky little old lady holding up a pair of bedroom slippers to her mates, and complaining in a hurt pride that was quite unfeigned:

" They never did give me credit for wearing a number three shoe. Look at these—four and a half! "

Next Christmas her slippers were threes!

This was, as you have seen, the case of another woman with money. She could afford to enter into Christmas operations on a large scale. But the principle is the same, whether what we give costs dollars or cents. In fact some of the most priceless gifts are literally that: they cost nothing in silver or gold.

I HAVE a friend in Seattle who is active in the management of a home for crippled and ailing children. Last time I was in Seattle she took me to call at the home. At the visiting hour every child who can be taken from bed is dressed up in clean clothes and carried or wheeled into the reception rooms. It is the big event of the day. The children look forward to it as their one outing. Yet my friend is seriously considering abandoning the custom.

" It isn't the effect of seeing their friends and relatives that gets them down," my friend explained, " but the disappointment of not seeing them when they don't come. That little fellow in the wheel chair over by the window has been here three years, and nobody has ever come to see him. Wouldn't you think some one would take the time to get acquainted with him—he's such a nice little fellow—and become the somebody whose visits *he* could look forward to? "

The cheerful side of this story is that a young man in Seattle, who is himself on relief and has no money at all to spend on charity, is doing that very thing right now for the crippled boy in the wheel chair.

" I started doing it last Christmas," he told my friend, " as a sort of Christmas present for little Charlie. It has turned out to be an all-year Christmas present for myself. Before that, I had been sorry for myself because I had no job. Now I had a job and a cure. Without knowing it, I had swallowed an antidote for my own troubles—and that antidote was working! "

I think it would be a grand thing for human happiness as well as the peace of the world if there were more Christmas presents like that given every year—for there are human needs which cannot be met by signing checks.

Dollars wouldn't have stopped the heartbreak in that little boy whom nobody ever came to see.

Dollars wouldn't have given that young man the same all-year Christmas glow.

It may seem a mockery to speak of antidotes for troubles when so many nations of the world seem bent on heading grimly toward troubles of the saddest sort. But so far as the attainment of personal peace is concerned, what I call God's peace, the ideal and performance of service in the old-fashioned Christmas spirit is still no mockery.

And how about that more highly publicized peace, the peace of nations and the world?

WELL, the fact that you and I have found peace through service may not affect appreciably in your lifetime and mine the peace of the world. Greed and ambition and anger and deceit are still strong in the counsels and councils of nations.

But there is a hopeful sign in the very name we give to all these disorganizing elements. " Human nature," we call them.

By finding peace in our own hearts, even if it is only at Christmas, we are doing something toward changing human nature, or toward bringing into the driver's seat the good that is in it instead of the bad.

Why should human nature be all bad? It isn't. I don't believe it is even fifty-one per cent bad. And the fact that so many people stop once a year to do good deeds is a hopeful sign. It shows that the good in us *can* take command; that God's peace *can* prevail when we give it a chance.

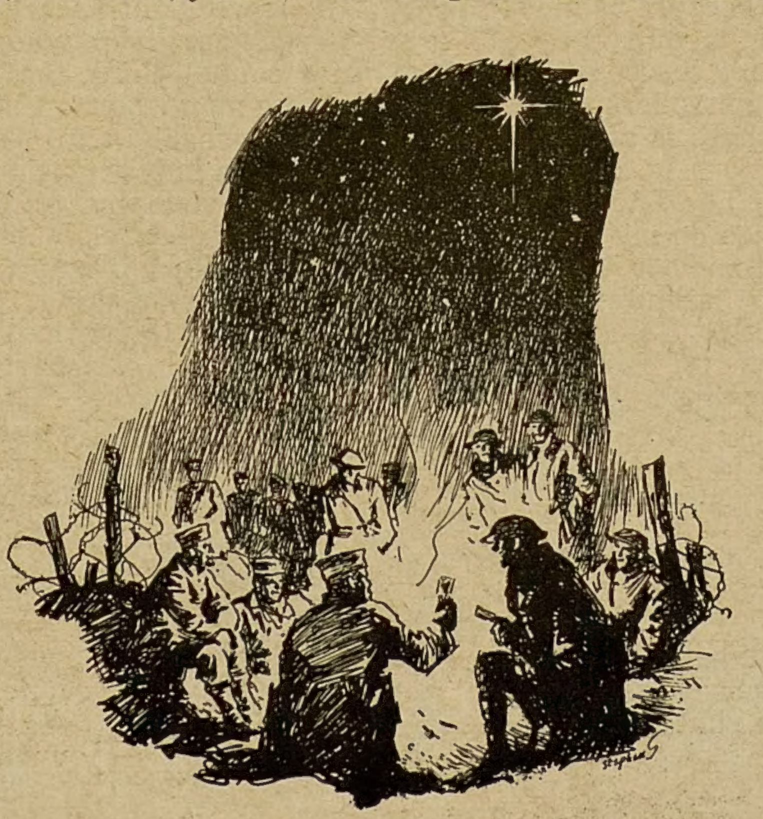
God does not come to us more surely or more closely at Christmas than He does at any other time, but through some strange alchemy of mind and heart and spirit we are able to see more clearly that He is here.

It is this intangible, truly spiritual quality in the Christmas spirit which makes it so all-powerful and so far-reaching, which makes nations lay aside their guns and war-maddened soldiers cease their slaughter.

Did it ever strike you as peculiar that no wars were ever started on Christmas Day?

Of all the stories of the late war, the one most vivid in my memory is the simple one told me by my cousin, who served in the Canadian forces, of how he spent Christmas Eve at the front.

Hostilities had been suspended by tacit consent at sundown, and during the evening groups of soldiers from both lines of trenches openly fraternized around open fires in no man's land and sang the Christmas songs of their homelands. My cousin drew as his " guest buddy " for the evening a young Bavarian boy from Munich.



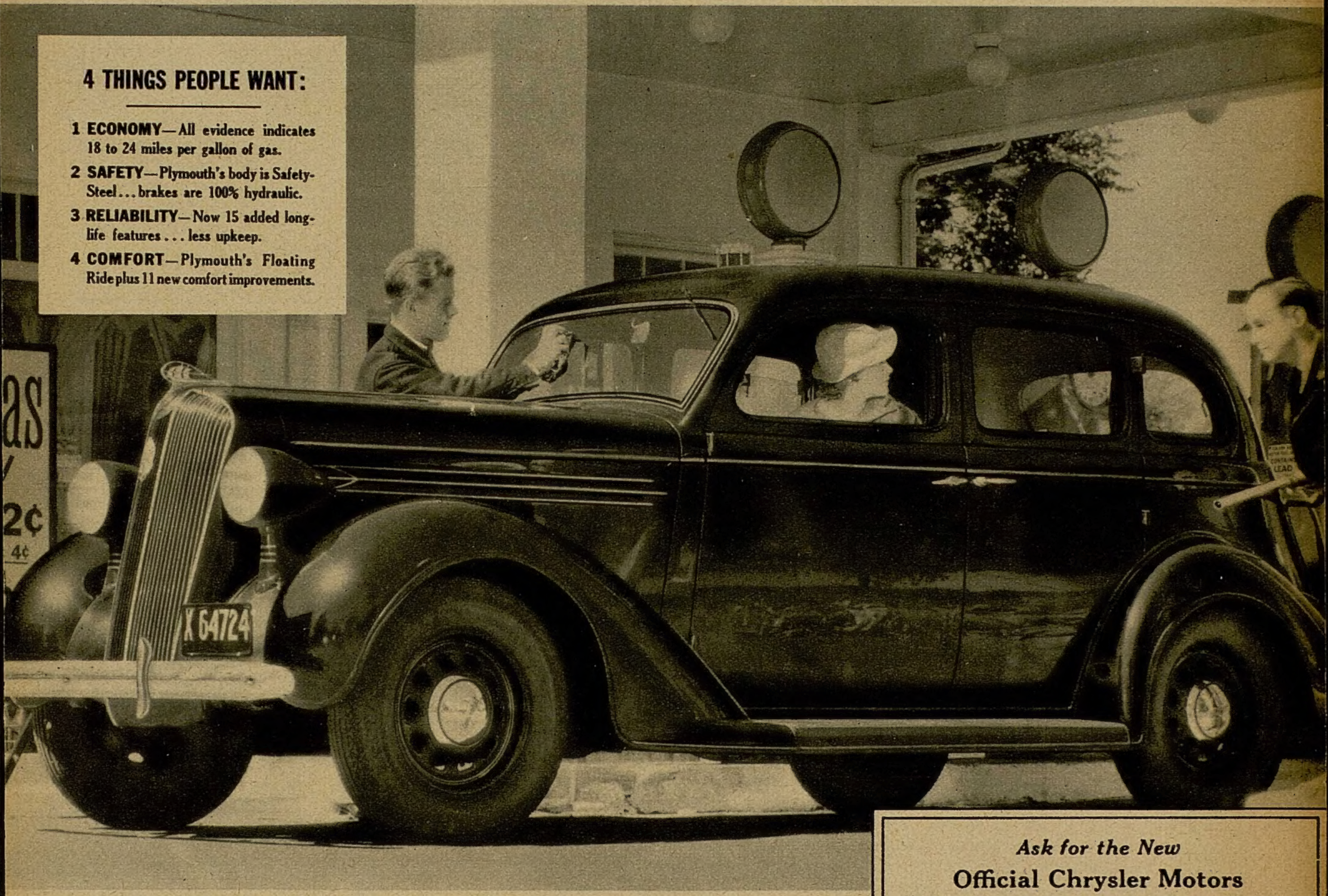
The two youngsters, neither of whom could speak the other's tongue, met in the common language of homesickness. Each had his store of trinkets—photographs of his mother and his girl, a lock of hair, a snapshot of a brother or a sister, a post card of the old home town—and they stayed up until after midnight passing back and forth these souvenirs of home and laughing gaily at each other's stories, no word of which they could really understand.

Men just can't fight at Christmas.

What this troubled world needs is Christmas all the year round!

THE END

America's Most Economica
FULL-SIZE CAR!



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1. **ECONOMY**—All evidence indicates 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas.
2. **SAFETY**—Plymouth's body is Safety-Steel... brakes are 100% hydraulic.
3. **RELIABILITY**—Now 15 added long-life features... less upkeep.
4. **COMFORT**—Plymouth's Floating Ride plus 11 new comfort improvements.

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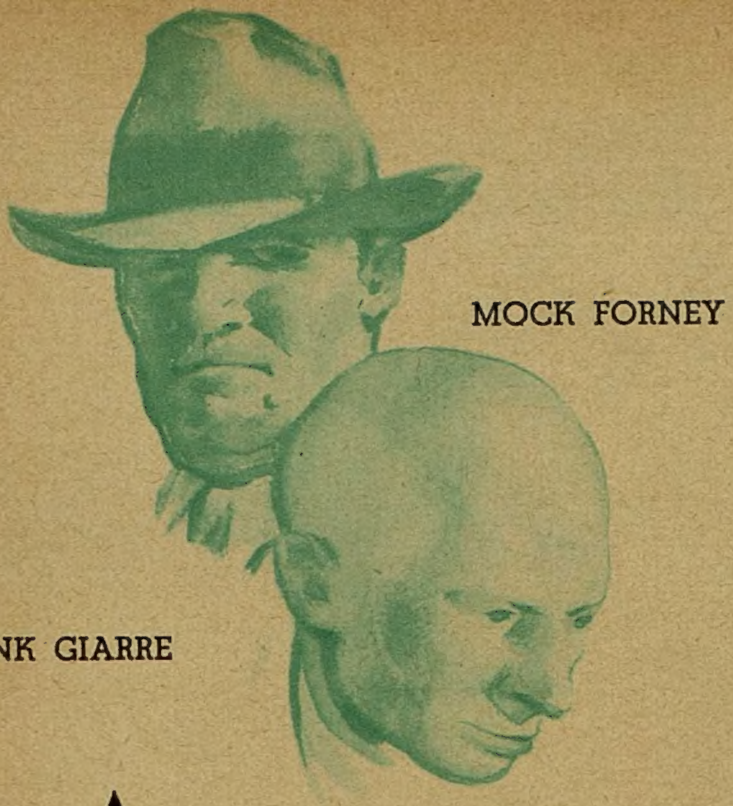
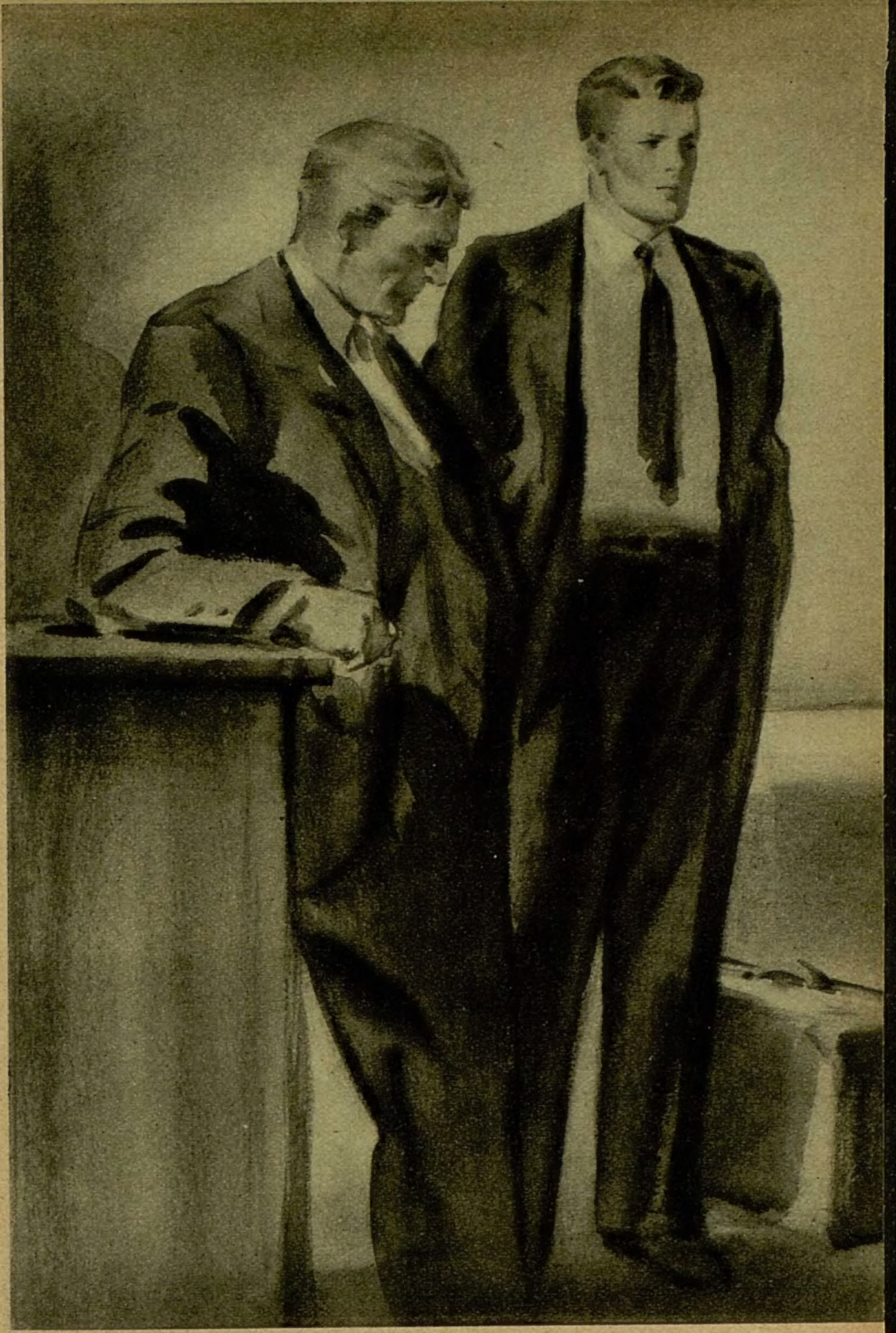




ACE in the Red

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

by WILLIAM J.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT

ANTHONY the buoyant, still depressed but beginning to feel the spring of new rubber underfoot, glanced at the gray-haired man in the seat beside him. The man was Hewes, G service, an ace in the black, whose colorful drives at gang criminals were known everywhere. Anthony, an ace in the red, was his plain-clothes chauffeur.

" Certainly I can ask questions," Anthony replied to a question directed at himself.

" This is Kansas," said the chief.

" Kansas is west."

" Alleto, Kansas. When can you get there? "

A definite question like that demands a definite answer. Anthony had often made the Kansas City run. Alleto ought to lie at such and such a distance farther. Why admit not knowing, when you can keep your word by driving a little faster after finding out?

" Midnight," he replied boldly, " if you start now."

" I'm not going."

Then it came—the break. A bad kidnaping case had turned up, under cover, and Hewes had reasons for wishing to act at once.

" I know you're a driver, but you look all right. I can't get Larry in there short of tomorrow night. All you have to do is hold down the lid. Want to try? "

" Surely do."

" You won't find it so hard. Just ask heavy questions. You might begin on me with one."

" What name? " asked Anthony.

The other started. " Didn't I say? John Brookman. He's an oil man."

" What is this lid I'm to hold down? " was Anthony's next question.

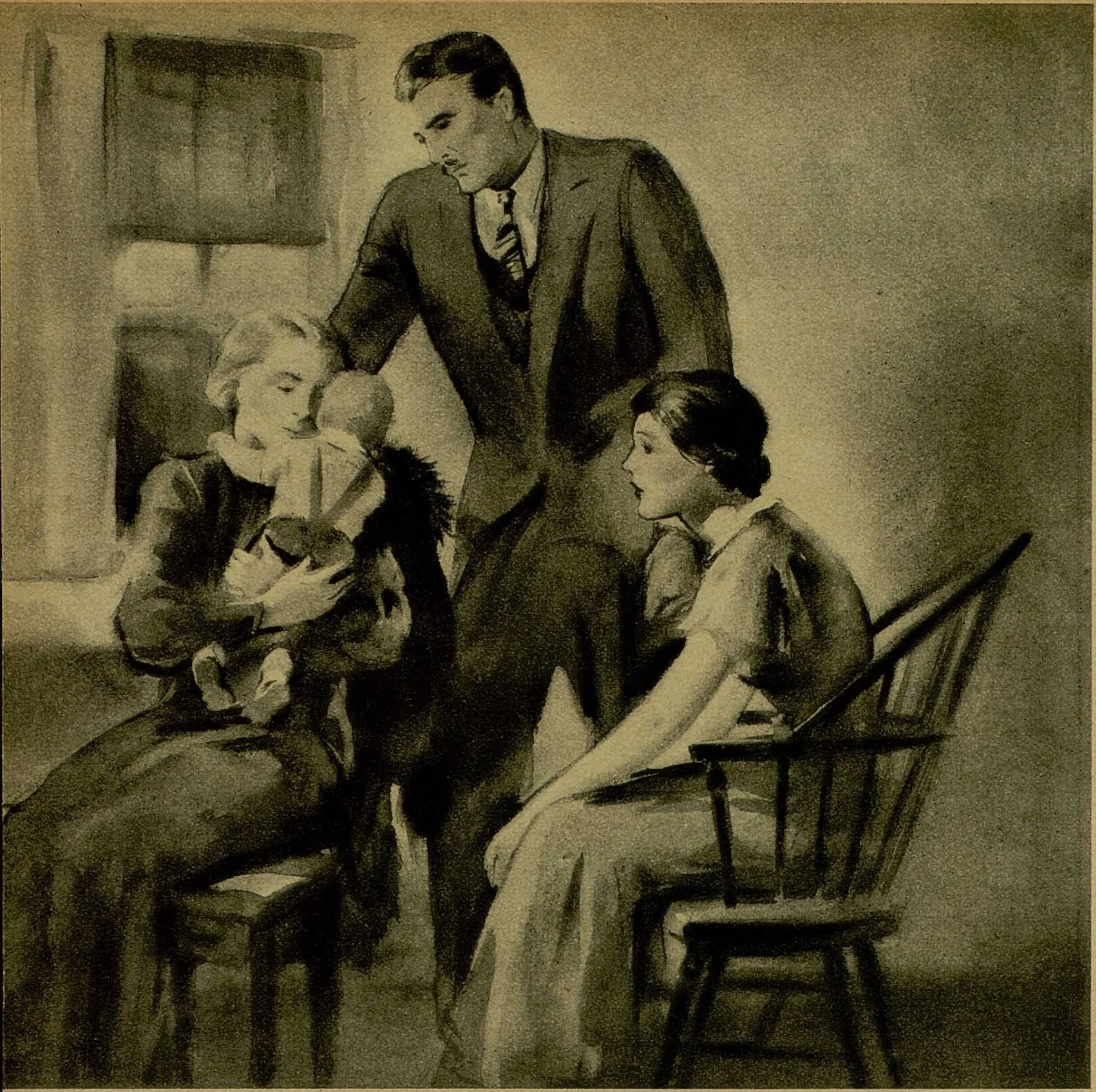
" You'll do." Hewes looked at him more closely; then he named an important national politician. " John Brookman married his daughter," he remarked casually.

Anthony did not ask his third heavy question. Enough is enough. Instead he began inquiring about the case itself. Hewes threw up his hands.

" This is all I know—Brookman's air-mail letter. Afraid to wire. Just asks for secrecy, over and over, like a crazy man. That enclosure is a copy of the ransom note. Take it with you—the whole thing. Report in the morning by long-distance."

The enclosed note read as follows:

A TENSE TALE OF PERIL, A GIRL'S QUICK WIT, AND A G-MAN BY PROXY WHO KEPT HIS HEAD . . . AND LOST HIS HEART



The girl sat looking at the child, again in its mother's arms.

NEIDIG

ROSS CARTER

BROOKman: YOU gET YOUr-SELF REaDy MONey $100,000 eASY sMAIL BiLLS. kOMe EAST ON 85, EVERYboDY IN bRIGHT LIGHTs. REmoVE lET-TeR onDER chUNK OF iROn AT BrIDGe ANd haVE BiLLS rEADY In itS PLaCE EXACTLY MIDNIGHT. NO POLICE, OR KID DROPS OUT.

Anthony stowed the letter away in his pocket. He did not say he would do the best he could; he said he would see that the lid was held down.

"I'll wire Brookman, then, to expect you around midnight," said Hewes. "Here's your expense money; keep an itemized account. You're an oil-field man, driving through. Nobody in Alleto knows you."

"I'll find out what happened," said Anthony, as the other climbed down.

The bald-headed man opened the door, and Anthony ordered him to put up his hands.

After that there was nothing for him to do but to edge into the west-bound traffic. But before leaving the city he stopped to get a check of his own cashed. A man sometimes needs a little private money.

"I always knew my luck would turn," he said, pulling out around a truck. "This is where it turned."

Then he rapped on the wood of a match, to take off the curse, and began stepping on the gas a little. . . .

Brookman showed by the way he bit into his cigar that he had expected heavy artillery. Anthony let him bite. He knew how the man felt, but what was the use? They passed out of the hotel in silence, nor did they talk much on the way to the house. Brookman himself opened the door; the servants were off for the night.

Mrs. Brookman's disappointment was harder to bear. Anthony thought he had never seen so young a face so deeply lined by worry. Odd that such changes should fall so soon. He followed her into the library.

A clock somewhere sounded the hour. Midnight. He had had to drive fast to make it, but he did not feel sleepy.

"Have a cigar?" asked Brookman.

"I'll stick to cigarettes, if you don't mind."

As Anthony sat back, smoking, the physical weariness of both parents struck him afresh. Then of a sudden a possible reason occurred to him.

"When did this kidnaping occur?" he asked.

Brookman replied hesitantly, "Two weeks ago yesterday."

"So long ago as that?"

The other began explaining the delay: "We had the money ready and expected to pay it day by day. The child's safety was at stake. We didn't dare call in help."

" This child—is it a boy or a girl? "

" A boy, of course. Didn't I tell you? "

" Not of course," the mother corrected.

" You forgot to say. Those books on the shelf—the boy's? "

When the mother replied that they were hers, Anthony rose and walked over to the case, where he opened two or three of them. Then he returned to the table.

" One, I see, is missing," he remarked absently.

" A book on birds. It was carried upstairs."

" Is the boy a great reader? "

" Oh, he's much too young! He's barely able to walk."

" Mr. Brookman forgot to state his age. As young as that? I asked because I'm trying to get hold of something. Where did this kidnaping occur? "

Hanging back, both of them. He would have to fetch them up.

" From the boy's room upstairs," she said.

" Through a window? "

Brookman began replying for her. " We don't know," he said. " No. The screens were latched on the inside. Through the door. Must have been that. Want to look at the room? "

" A good idea. Show me."

" And the nurse's room adjoining," said the mother.

But although Brookman pushed back his chair to rise, Anthony did not just then follow his example but lighted a new cigarette and began smoking at it thoughtfully.

" The nurse's room too," he replied at last. " But first, if you don't mind, I'd like to talk to the nurse."

The change that crept into Brookman's manner was not unexpected. When Anthony glanced at the mother, he saw that she too was disconcerted by his remark. It was the mother who replied. The nurse had been kidnaped with the boy, she said.

" Or stole him herself," Brookman forced through his teeth past his cigar.

" No, dear. She never did that! She loved him as much as we did, almost. She didn't steal him."

" How long have you had this nurse? " Anthony asked.

" For more than a year—ever since his illness. She had him on a diet."

" An older woman? "

" Oh, no! Quite young and very intelligent."

" Was it this same Nita who borrowed the book on birds? " Anthony now inquired softly.

He saw instantly that they had not missed the one word in the sentence he had meant them to hear. The mother stared at him with frightened eyes. Brookman with shaking fingers removed his cigar to knock off the ash.

" The nurse's name was not mentioned," he said. " How can you possibly know that her name is Nita? "

Anthony looked down at his cigarette; then he went on, still speaking softly: " Her name was not mentioned, as you say; yet it should have been mentioned. Nita is a pretty name for a girl. The boy's name should have been mentioned also, and was not. The boy of course is named Bob."

BROOKMAN, thinking he saw his answer, stalked across the room to the books that Anthony had handled. But although he examined them more closely than Anthony had done, fingering the pages and shaking them for loose slips of paper that might contain writing, he found no answer there. He turned upon Anthony with a savageness that was partly fear.

" You just called my boy by name, although the name had not been spoken in your hearing. Where did you get that name? "

" Bob," repeated Anthony. " As I say, his name should have been given to us, and was not; nor did you tell us that his eyes were gray. You let me come to Kansas to find that out for myself."

" You have seen him! " cried the mother, her voice now betraying her terror.

" I know what you're thinking," Anthony went on evenly. " You're thinking I'm from the kidnaper. Yet my district chief wired you that I was coming, and I have in my pocket your own letter to him. Why do you suppose he sent me here? To give me a mystery case to practice on? "

" You were never before in this house! " Brookman asserted, as if to have the statement denied.

" That is true. Nor in this town. Nor have I ever seen the boy nor heard his name spoken, nor his nurse, nor heard her name, nor your own either, up to half an hour before starting. Now I have frightened you more than ever. When I say such things you think I am not human. You think I am a brother of Beelzebub. You should be glad to have it true, so as to be the more sure to save your child."

" I don't know who you are, but you can ask me anything and I will do it! "

ANTHONY nodded. " That is better. Later I will try you. Just now I am still finding out something, using my eyes a little, and sometimes my ears. Mr. Brookman, please! I want to be sure. When you told me you had the money ready, did you mean you followed the instructions? "

" Each time! With the most painful exactness! "

" Each time? "

" Each set of instructions," said the other.

" How many would that be? How many notes have you received from the kidnapers, Mr. Brookman? "

" Three," replied Brookman with dry lips.

Anthony pondered the statement; then he asked evenly, " Could I see these notes? "

" I'll get them. We keep them in the safe."

A little later Brookman laid the three envelopes before him, the one addressed in ink on top.

" It was the first to reach us," he said.

" I saw your copy," Anthony told him.

The second and third notes were much like the first, except that they had been printed in pencil. All bore Kansas postmarks. He read them carefully and handed them back.

" I think this crook is frightened by your silence, but you will receive another. When you do—"

He turned to the mother.

" You can see why they took the girl with them. It gave them more time. All night! No hurry at all! I think they might need time—much time! A girl to hide! Even next morning you could not be sure, right at first. That gave them still more time. The girl might have taken the child into the air for a touch of sunshine. You couldn't tell."

" That's true. I did think that for an hour or two."

" You can see the danger the girl now stands in, knowing what she does. They don't dare release her. Play for time. Now you might show me."

There was nothing to show, Brookman said, as Anthony followed him upstairs into the child's room. He pointed to the window, the child's bed, the door leading into the nurse's room; then the desk in her room, her pen, her ink.

" Just the ordinary things. No clues whatever."

" What dress was this—Nita—wearing when she went upstairs, Mrs. Brookman? " Anthony wished to know.

" Her green house dress."

" Will you find it for me? "

" It's not here. She must be wearing it."

" That's a clue. Look for a girl wearing a green dress. Where is the boy's clothing he wore? "

" She must have stopped to dress him. Some of his other clothing is gone. His brown coat is gone."

" Where is the girl's coat? "

" Gone," she said.

" Summer weather, but coats for both. The girl's bed has not been slept in. That means the kidnapers came early. I see your book about birds on her desk, with a slip in it where she was reading. That tells us of her interests. She would be quick to notice an unusual bird, for instance, and would know its name. She left her inkwell open. That's a clue. All sorts of interesting clues! "

" You've discovered—something? " asked Brookman.

" What should you infer? The kidnaper came early, in order to have the night. He made the girl take coats."

" Canada, do you think? "

" No more, just from

(Continued on page twelve)

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(Continued from page ten) the coats, than that he made her take them; but coupled with other facts—" He stopped. "We were speaking of Nita. Is she a small girl, Mrs. Brookman?"

"About my height. Very slender."

"Light or dark hair?"

"Dark—almost black. She has dark eyes—very lovely."

"I don't suppose she would have a picture of herself around anywhere. It would help us find her," said Anthony.

"She showed me a picture," Mrs. Brookman replied.

A search of the desk brought a print to light. It bore the name of a Denver studio. Anthony looked at it closely, feeling it his duty to do so, and then, using the same excuse, boldly borrowed it.

"Do you know anything about her people?" he asked.

You can sometimes fool a man, but you can't a woman. Anthony knew that she saw through him, but he waited for her answer.

"Only that her father is a teacher of science in Denver, and she spoke of her mother as musical."

"And her friends?" he persisted. "Who are her friends here in Alleto? Is she engaged?"

"Really! But of course you have to know. Not engaged, I think. She wears no ring. She seems to know some of the young doctors at the hospital, and the other nurses."

"Have you seen her with a bald-headed man named Pink at any time?"

"I have not," she replied crisply.

"The reason I asked," said Anthony, "is that he was one of the kidnapers."

"Say that again!" cried Brookman.

"One of the kidnapers. I don't say that he was in this house, although he may have been. The crook who stole your child is not bald—he has red hair. I think that he has a mole on his chin."

On that first occasion when Anthony spoke of facts he could not humanly have known, his hearers had drawn back from him. This last statement was likewise of facts that he could not possibly have known. But now the parents of the boy leaned forward.

"You know that?" continued Brookman.

"I believe I know it."

"Just from what you have seen?"

"From what I have seen."

"Then you know where to find the boy!"

Anthony went over to the girl's desk and stood looking down at it. After a moment he seated himself and took up her pen; then, borrowing a sheet of her paper, he made a cross upon it.

"HERE is an eagle's nest on a mountain," he said, adding this mystery to his other mysteries for the sake of a distant result. He made another cross opposite the first. "Here is a girl in a forest. If the girl can see this nest from this forest, wouldn't you say that the eagle could see the girl from the nest?"

"Nothing makes sense any more," Brookman replied.

Anthony wrote two names upon the sheet. "This first name is the name of the kidnaper; I'm guessing at it, but I'm right. The second name is that of the bald-headed man working with him. Mock Forney—don't forget that first name. Mock has a mole on his chin. Pink Giarre. Pink hasn't any eyebrows."

"Now I know that the devil is in you!"

"I want you also to have this address," continued Anthony, writing another name and address. The name was his own, but the address was none that he had ever before used.

"Please do these four things for me," he went on. "First, I want a good fast driver for a few hours—a man who knows these Kansas roads and won't talk."

Brookman replied that he had such a driver.

"Can he do fifty-sixty at night on Route 50?"

"That would be going to a fire."

"Just so. Fix it. It's to give me some sleep. He can come back in the morning by train. Second, take me to my car. I'm starting at once. Third, when you get back, call up the chief and tell him to have Larry join me at this address. It's hot, tell him—no wires nor letters. He'll understand."

"Can I tell him what you told us?"

"Oh, certainly! Expect you to."

The voice of Brookman, a little shaky, was heard at the telephone giving directions to the driver, routed from bed. Anthony sank back in his chair.

"What was the fourth thing you wanted?" Mrs. Brookman asked. She was still trembling, but Anthony thought her voice sounded ten years younger.

"Oh, that! A glass, if I could borrow one."

"To look for that eagle's nest?"

He laughed. "Just so. To look for the nest."

A moment later Brookman stumped back to say that Anthony would find the driver at the hotel in ten minutes.

ANTHONY drew up at Mint Lodge, a mile and a half high, toward the end of the afternoon, by way of North Mint Canyon and Barbeau at its foot. He had taken the precaution to telephone from Denver, so as to be expected.

The first thing that happened, he broke in his new razor. He had also bought himself a bag and fresh shirts and collars. When he was through, he drove his new brush diligently across his thick hair. The over-all result was not so good. His bones were too big. He had too much tan on his face. His hair needed a trim.

Too bad he had not gone in for medicine. A young doctor, now. But what was the use? He was not a young doctor. He was only a driver, pinch-hitting for the ace detective Larry Hill in a search for a kidnaped boy.

The next thing that happened, happened in the dining room at dinner. He saw a man with red hair seated at a table in the corner. Anthony noticed that he had a mole on his chin. After a little the man left.

The next thing after that that happened, happened toward the end of the meal. Another guest came in who had no hair on his head, either on top or along his brows and eyelids, but was as bald as an egg. He seated himself at a table directly in front; Anthony had to padlock his eyes.

Later he learned from an old-timer that the red-haired man was named Brust; he drove a wine-colored Salters and lived in New York. The bald-headed man was a miner who came in now and then for dinner. Brust roomed at the Lodge. The miner had a cabin somewhere in the region. These mountains were full of them.

Next morning Anthony slung his glass over his shoulder and climbed the ridge above the Lodge. The ridge gave him a good view; from a ledge of rocks on its summit he could see not only the Lodge but the road in both directions, the back ranges far and near, and the air above. As he sat there he saw the wine-colored Salters push down the South Mint Road, taking chances that only a driver sure of both worlds would have risked.

He sat among the rocks for more than three hours, idly scanning the country or watching the soaring flight of a pair of eagles to the south. When one of the eagles made a strike, he watched it rise with its prey and settle among the crags overlooking South Mint Canyon. Then he put up his glass and returned to the Lodge. Possibly Larry Hill would blow in during the day.

Anthony stood for a moment with his hand on the doorjamb. The room was empty, he saw, except for Hewes. Closing the door, he said softly:

"Why, how did you get here, governor?"

"By air to Denver, then by car."

Anthony could not tell from his manner whether he was a monkey wrench or axle grease.

"You're too late. Your man left for Denver an hour ago. I was waiting for Larry."

"What man?" asked the other.

"Mock Forney. His name is now Brust, and he lives in New York. He's wearing a gray suit and a gray soft hat. He went out fast by the South Mint Road, in a Salters sedan."

"I came up the South Canyon," said the other.

"Then he passed you."

"No one passed me going out."

Anthony stood for a moment. Then Brust must still be here in the mountains.

"How is your gas, governor?"

"Full, or nearly."

"Then come with me."

They passed out to where Hewes had parked his car. Anthony noted that the engine was still hot.

"And then?" inquired the other man.

Not a monkey wrench, anyhow. The governor was not trying to crab anything.

"Can you climb that?" Anthony pointed to the ridge overlooking South Canyon. "There's a wood road we can take, in behind, if your car will run."

"It will run backward," said the other.

Anthony climbed in behind the wheel.

Later he said, as they brushed a high center, "We'll do the rest on foot. When we come out we may be on the sky line. We'll have to watch our step."

"Or what?"

"Or Brust will splash the scenery with us."

THE ridge they were climbing was cut back on the opposite or canyon side into a face mostly precipice. At its foot ran the stream that gave the canyon its name. Along it ran the South Mint Road, now on one side of the water, now on the other. Beyond the stream at this point the canyon walls were lower, standing back in forest-covered slopes and undulations.

This could not be seen from behind. Anthony pointed southeast, to the remaining eagle, still soaring.

"A golden eagle," he said. "There ought to be an old nest near here."

"You spoke to Brookman of an eagle's nest," said Hewes. "It didn't make sense."

"Just a minute!"

Now near the top, Anthony began working forward cautiously to the protection of a cairn of rocks. Then suddenly the second eagle launched off from a ledge below.

"Governor, look!" Anthony cried. "Keep behind something. Follow my finger. See that gully across the canyon, way back? See that cabin in there? Hidden from the road, but not from us! The chimney is smoking!"

"Yes. I see the cabin."

"Across from the eagle's nest! . . . I thought I caught a movement inside." Anthony whipped out his glass. "I did! I did! The right-hand window! It's the girl gazing up at the old eagle flapping its wings! She has a child with her! A girl in a green dress. She's lifting him in one arm to show him, and she's waving her handkerchief in the free hand!"

Anthony passed Hewes the glass.

"She's waving her handkerchief to me! She is! She knows I'm here, and she's waving!"

"Her name is Fox, if you mean the nurse." As he took the glass, Hewes looked a long half-minute. Then he asked, "Do you think that can be the Brookman kid, Tony?"

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But Anthony was beyond the point of stupid confirmation.

"She waved that way because she hoped the eagle was scared away by somebody!"

"You're getting to know altogether too much. First, the hide-out of a pair of kidnapers. Now, why some girl is waving her handkerchief in a window. I stopped at Alleto and went through the Brookman case from A to Z. I didn't find one important clue."

"There's the boy!" said Anthony. "That's the answer. He's there in that house with Miss Fox! That puts it up to us, governor. The question is, how to get them out of there, past Forney and that baldhead."

"That time you slipped. Who do you mean—Forney?"

"Mock Forney. I saw him."

The older man pointed down the canyon. "You proved your good eyesight. Now let me show you mine. What do you see beyond that bend?"

Anthony looked at the granite mountain shoulder that jutted into the canyon and shut off the view. And then, because he was able on occasion to see through a stone wall, he saw what Hewes had in mind.

"You have men—down there?"

"You said it. Men from Denver who know this country. I have that canyon corked, and North Canyon too."

"But you told me you didn't meet Mock Forney."

"I told you he didn't pass me going out. And he didn't. He's down there now. We caught him with the goods."

"The goods, governor?"

"He had a new ransom note in his pocket. I think he was on his way to Kansas to mail it. He said that a woman in a green dress asked him to slip it into a letter box somewhere. She was riding in a car with a bald-headed man and a baby."

"I can handle just that one baldhead myself!" cried Anthony.

When he pointed out that a man working alone would be better able to approach the house, and he was known to be a guest at the Lodge, the chief decided to let him do this. Whereupon Anthony strolled up to the house and knocked. The bald-headed man opened the door; and Anthony, his hat already off, ordered him sharply to put up his hands. Hewes then came out from among the trees and placed the man in handcuffs.

THE girl was prettier even than her picture. She sat looking at the child, again in its mother's arms. Her dark eyes, still moist from emotion, Anthony clumsily likened to deep wells of truth. But what was the use?

On their way back to the Lodge the chief had remarked that he expected to find Brookman awaiting them. For the Brookmans had followed him west in a rented plane and were staying within call. By this time they knew of the first arrest.

"You certainly sold yourself to the Brookmans, Tony," he said. "To me, too."

Now they were gathered in Brookman's latest cabin, rented within the hour.

"Come up with it, Tony," said the chief. "What did you see in Brookman's house that we didn't?"

"The kidnap notes, for one thing," Anthony replied, "although I already had a copy of the first."

Hewes took out his wallet and produced from it the three notes Brookman had returned to his safe.

He handed them over. Anthony grinned. Selecting one of them, he opened it out.

"Take this first note—the one in ink."

The note has already been quoted.

"Let me read you this note the way I read it, after thinking about it on the road that day: 'Man gray eyes like Bob's, mole on chin, red hair. Nita.' By my reading, the note must have been written by Miss Fox, because she signed it. Probably she wrote it at the point of a pistol. It gave me her name and the child's name, the color of the child's eyes, and a description of the kidnaper."

The second, printed like the first in childish characters, read as follows:

BROOKMAn: SeE YOU GO aLONE THUrSDAY miDnIGHT tO loMBER dUMP AgAINST BRIDGe ROUTE 50. bRING THE $100,000 SMaLL BILLS NO POLICE Or bELIeVE ME LOSE aLL YOuR CHANcE To GET BACK BOY AlIVE.

"Let me read you this note the way I read it: 'Near Mint Lodge, Barbeau, Col.' That note isn't signed, but it couldn't have been written by anybody but Miss Fox. This third note was likewise written by Miss Fox."

The note read as follows:

MinD ThiS. dON'T cRaWFISH. bRinG BILLs. NO LighTS. NO POLICE. tURN ON 85 eaST TONIGHT AT MIDNIgHT. GO leFT AS sOOn AS THe BUs IS PASt THE jail, VerY SLOW, TO baNK, THEN lEFT TO BRIdGE. LEAVE MOnEY aT mOUTH OF OLed piPE AnD TAkE LETTER TELLING YOU WHERE TO GO NEXT.

"I read it like this: 'In hid cabin, sight eagles' nest. Jailer bald, named Pink.' That gave me the location of the kidnap cabin, and it named one of the kidnapers. Who is Pink? Why, Pink Giarre, of course, who runs with a gangster named Mock Forney. Mock has red hair and a mole on his chin. I had to remember that; but then, I knew them both by sight."

"YOU might point out where you get these odd readings of these notes," Hewes suggested.

"First, if you don't mind, I have a heavy question to ask. Do I drive you back?"

"You drive the car. I go by plane."

"Then couldn't I drive the folks to Alleto?"

"And what has that to do with these readings?"

Mrs. Brookman was the only one to see it. "Mr. Hewes will let you, I'm sure," she said. "Nita can sit in front and help you drive."

"About this pointing out," Anthony went on hastily. "Try reading the notes, using only the small letters. Miss Fox wrote them under a gun. She had the nerve and she had the idea in time. I saw it just by accident. There isn't anything you can say about a girl like that. I think she saved the boy's life."

Hewes snatched up one of the notes. A glance at the first line was enough.

"Nerve is right. If you ask me, she saved the boy's life and her own too. I take off my hat to Miss Fox. But it took a bright operative to see it, too."

Anthony caught himself feeling of his tie.

"Did you say operative, chief?"

Hewes laughed. "What did I say, Brookman?"

"If you were promising this man a raise, it won't do you any good, because I'm making a place for him in the oil business. As for this Nita of ours—"

But he could not go on with the thought. He turned to Anthony.

"Don't you think, young man, that you had better ask her if she'll sit beside you?"

"I'm asking her now," said Anthony.

The girl addressed him for the first time:

"I'm a nurse. You know nothing whatever about me. Why do you want me to sit beside you?"

"I know more than you think. You live in Denver. Your mother is a musician. You saw this chance to save the boy and took it. You even remembered to misspell some words when you needed letters, instead of getting buck fever. Kome for come. Onder for under. And then that eagles'-nest thing!"

He took a deep breath and went on: "When I worked out that first note, on the road, I didn't know you were a trained nurse, but I saw that if I ever got you to ride with me, whoever you were, probably it would be coming back from where we found you."

"Behind, in the hearse?"

"In front, with the band." And he added gloomily, "As far as Kansas."

"I'll be glad to ride beside you," she said, and laughed. "As far as Kansas."

And then, because the thing was important, and life is filled with uncertainties, Anthony leaned over and knocked on wood.

THE END

WILL THESE PLANKS BRING VICTORY?

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Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.

C. M. Chester.

Col. L. P. Ayres.

C. L. Bardo.

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From Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company and eminent statistician:

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"I can, however, make this comment: *The most important single element in the prospect that the Republicans have of winning is the fact that the verdict of the Supreme Court against the NRA was a unanimous verdict.*

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Ethiopian Chiefs Defy Civiliz tion—An Eye-Opening Revel tion of Things as They Reall Are in Haile Selassie's Empi

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE rains stopped; the Emperor of Ethiopia mobilized his army; Italian airplanes bombed Adowa—all in one day. One bomb hit a field hospital. That is the sort of thing that makes nations see red. You would naturally expect it to bind the Ethiopians into one big fighting family. It didn't—not by a jugful.

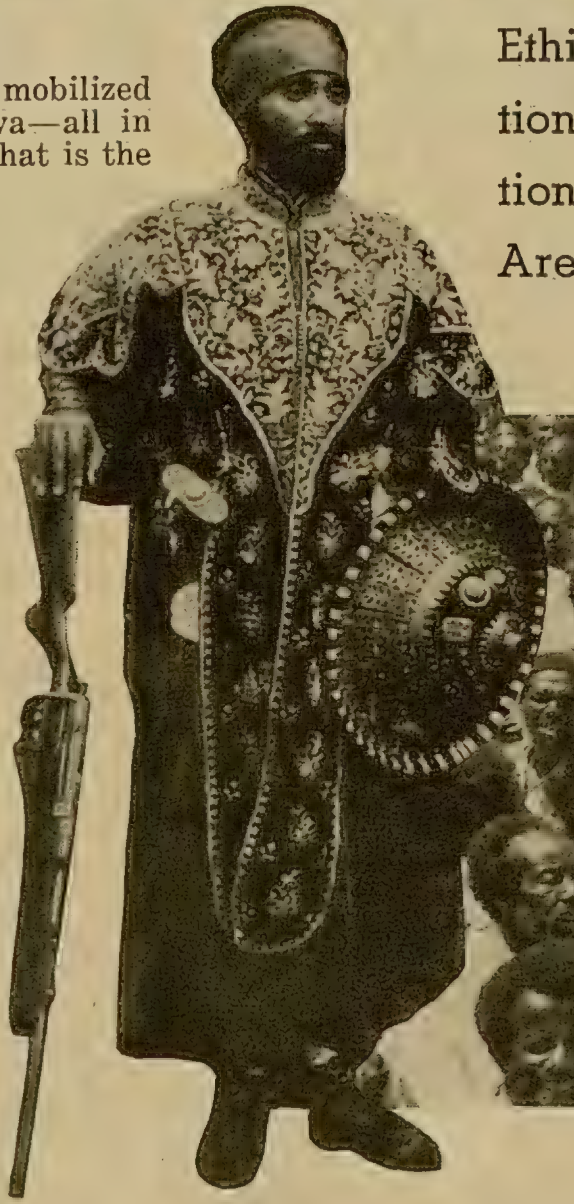
The Emperor Haile Selassie sits in one of the most precarious seats in the world. No foreign power will support him if he fails to civilize Ethiopia; his own people will revolt if he does. Slavery is his biggest problem. There are ten million people in Ethiopia, and when he applied for membership in the League of Nations two millions of them were slaves.

That fact made admission difficult. The Emperor sensed that membership might be the one thing which could save Ethiopia from European aggression. To obtain it he made large promises which he finds himself unable to keep. He painted a glowing picture of Ethiopian progress. Barbarism was dying out; he would give it a final push by enacting laws for the elimination of slavery. His laws sounded drastic enough to satisfy the League. They sounded so. They weren't.

No one doubts that Haile Selassie would like to abolish slavery—but he doesn't dare. One Ethiopian chief told me bluntly: "If losing our slaves be the price of European support, the price is too high."

A leader of the Ethiopian Youth Movement, a man who comes from the ruling Amhara class, said, "You people call us semicivilized. We're not. We're barbarians—and we like it."

Those men are exactly the type that the harassed King of Kings must placate at home while he courts help abroad. The result is a series of compromises and a prodigious amount of camouflage designed to fool foreigners.



Haile Selassie in his days as regent and one of the rival aspirants to the throne. At right, above: His warriors listening to his recent call to arms.

Fiterouri Berou, who may head a revolt against Haile Selassie.

The laws against slavery spread a marvelous veneer of soft soap on the real situation. The veneer *does* fool people when they first arrive; it fooled me. It took me nearly two months to dig out the facts: there were two million slaves before the antislavery edict; eleven years after it there are still two millions. Fewer than eighteen thousand have actually been freed.

The Ethiopians tell the story differently. Seventy special courts have been set up to deal with slave freeing. All traffic in slaves has been prohibited. Buying, selling, and trading of slaves is forbidden—a third offense carries the death penalty. A slave who has been beaten or abused by his master may obtain his freedom. Every slave acquired by war is freed on the death of his master. Every slave acquired by purchase is freed seven years after his master's death.

And so on. The list of laws sounds imposing. There are a bushel of them—yet every important household in the land is still liberally supplied with slaves. Individual chiefs own upward of three thousand and are acquiring more. The methods are unique.

Nothing in the laws forbids the payment of taxes in slaves. Slaves are numerous. They are the least missed and the easiest replaced of any property. Nothing is more natural than that the minor chiefs should pay taxes thus. The slaves pass upward from lesser chief to greater chief; frequently they wind up in the possession of some high government official in Addis Ababa. If the official is honestly opposed to slavery—and there are a few who are—the situation is embarrassing. The slaves are legal tender for taxes and can't be refused.

Slaves can be "assigned" as security for a debt—which is the biggest loophole in the law. The debt may be real, but oftener it is purely fictitious.

The Coptic clergy are among the largest holders of slaves. The poorest priest usually has one or two. They disapprove heartily of losing their free servants, and even the Emperor must watch his step when he bucks them; their power could easily be his undoing.

The Amharic word for all slaves is *Shankalla.* The

Mr. Collings standing beside the Emperor's drummer as he thumps out news of the mobilization proclamation.

And We Like It

by KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

Liberty's staff correspondent in Ethiopia

Lij Yassou, once Emperor until deposed, hadMoslem backing.

Ras Seyoum of Tigre doesn't see why he isn't Ethiopia's Emperor.

Shankallas come from the western and southwestern provinces. In one district all but ten per cent of the original population have been exported as slaves.

There are still ways of obtaining new slaves. Raids still occur, and occasionally a father voluntarily sells his son—but always the price is a rifle and ammunition. The gun is insurance against future raiders who might otherwise steal the whole family.

I talked to a slave from Walamo. "Are there many others in your district?"

"Many?" he said. "They are all slaves there. Walamo is where the slaves come from."

Most Ethiopian law depends on the injured party bringing a complaint. In slavery cases, however, judges can proceed on the complaint of an informer, if the informer first deposits a hundred dollars to insure good faith. If he fails to prove his charges the money is forfeited—into the judge's pocket—which is the starting point of all the graft. If the judge rules for the slaveowner and against the complainant, he is just one hundred dollars ahead. In addition to that, a slaveowner is likely to be an influential man in the district. There are some districts where the edicts against slavery seem never to have penetrated; no one knows that it is outlawed, so naturally no cases reach the courts.

It is true that there have been cases of capital punishment for slave trading, and one prominent foreigner was banished for it. Those traders presumably tried to operate in some district where the chief was in the business himself. In any event the punishment of the trader didn't mean a thing to the slave except a change of masters. After the trial was all over he belonged to the judge or chief.

The only real effect of the Emperor's decrees has been to make the slave traffic a little less open. The entire question is a sore spot and it blends into another of his troubles: the matter of *gebbar*, or bond families.

Gebbar is a custom that came with the expansion of ancient Abyssinia, as the Amharas subdued the Gallas and enslaved Shankallas. They ruled with an iron hand. Besides dragging home slaves, they left governors and petty officials who established the gebbar system. They claim it is not slavery, but it is hard to see much difference.

An Amhara official assigns himself a gebbar family to look after his needs. The family must supply the master with a house, food, clothes, fuel, and complete service. After that they are "free" to look after their own wants. The master's needs are invariably extravagant. The gebbar family are lucky if they can raise enough food for themselves to keep from starving.

The gebbar assignment passes from father to son. There is no end to it and no escape for the family except flight. If the flight fails, they are punished just the same as escaping slaves. If it succeeds, some other family in the community is impounded to take their place.

THE Emperor told me that the Ethiopian "will to resist invasion" was one hundred per cent. The slavery and the gebbar system were enough to make me doubt that. But added to those is the matter of religious differences. The Amharas are Coptic Christians, but about half of the total population are Mohammedans. I questioned a leading Mohammedan.

"As long as my people are not oppressed," he said, "and not interfered with in the practice of their faith, they care very little who rules the country." Zowie! Just like that went half of the Emperor's "hundred-per-cent will to resist invasion."

The methods by which he gained the throne make his task no easier. While he was regent for the Empress Zaudito he was always at loggerheads with her on questions of policy. He stands for progress; she was under the domination of reactionary advisers.

Like all Ethiopian rulers, she was attempting to draw the country together. That meant bolstering the power of the throne at the expense of the provincial rulers. Haile Selassie would normally approve of that, but under the circumstances he supported the rases—princes—and chiefs in their defiance. He saw them as less of a menace than the Empress.

Zaudito died suddenly. Haile Selassie ascended the throne—and found himself in hot water of his own cooking. He was at last in a position to put into effect his long cherished plans for a more modern Ethiopia—except for just one thing: the power of the rases. He must now attempt the impossible task of taking away the power he had just finished giving them.

The chiefs can't, or won't, see what the Emperor's driving at. They merely see their former friend at court trying to double-cross them. They are afraid to say or do much, but they don't like it. The inflammable stuff of which revolutions are made is undoubtedly lying all around the lot, and the Emperor is trying his best not to aggravate the chiefs any further.

The presence of foreign journalists does not make his task any easier. Newspapermen see far too many things for his peace of mind. He doesn't want unpleasant stories in American and European newspapers just when he is refuting Italian claims that Ethiopia is a barbarous country, entitled to no consideration.

Cruelty to animals is one of the surest ways to make an American mad and it doesn't sit so well with the average European. The streets of any Ethiopian town, including the capital, are a constant revelation in new methods of torturing animals.

An Ethiopian leads a steer into the city on his way to market. The steer sees his first automobile and becomes unruly. The herdsman takes a knife and cuts off one of his hind feet. When the heavy animal has to tramp along on the bloody stump, he will be suffering far too much pain to bother anybody.

Sheep and goats with a tendency to stray away are easily fixed. The Ethiopians bend one foreleg double and bind it tightly. The animal stands on three legs and—eventually—the bound leg becomes paralyzed.

There are dozens of other practices, some unprintable. The foreign journalists have been caustic in their comments, and some word of it must have reached the palace. An official edict was broadcast on handbills throughout Addis Ababa. It forbade all cruelty to animals as "beneath the dignity of civilized peoples."

The giveaway was the printing of the handbills in English and French as well as Amharic. No Ethiopian of the laboring classes understands those languages; no edicts to the people were ever issued in them before—or since. It was done to impress the journalists and have them send home glowing stories. The law was never enforced even in Addis Ababa, and was never heard of outside the city.

The Emperor has at least three more worries. Their names are Fiterouri Berou, Lij Yassou, and Ras Seyoum. I got the story of Berou from a European doctor who has been close to the court for many years.

"Berou was minister of war," said the doctor. "Haile Selassie banished him about a year ago for fear of his rising power. Berou is wealthy; he lives in state on his extensive lands in Arussi—and waits his chance.

"He is all the things the Emperor is not. He is probably eight or ten years older than the Emperor—who is a young man, as rulers go. He is powerful physically; the Emperor is small and slight. The face of Haile Selassie is quiet, serene, and refined; Berou has the face of a tiger."

FOR all his ferocity, Berou will not get his chance unless the Emperor slips. Haile Selassie will make no false moves if he can avoid them—but perhaps he can't. He may be making one right now by retaining the chiefs who surround him. Most of them are elderly, reactionary, and suspicious of anything modern. He would like to get rid of some of them, but they have powerful followings—so that is another thing he dares not do.

Those old chiefs are very vain. They feel that they can whip the Italians without any advice. They seem to prefer defeat to accepting instruction from any one. From time to time they do engage a foreign specialist—and then pay no attention to his recommendations.

I have had a personal experience with the system—or lack of one. The Ethiopians have a few antiaircraft guns which could count—but, aside from bull luck, never will. I knew the reason. It was simple: no practice at a moving target.

To make sure about that, I investigated, and ended by asking the air minister personally.

"How can we practice?" he asked, in good faith.

His question put me on the spot. I am neutral in this war. But I was anxious to know how suggestions would be received, and the only way to find out was to make one. I explained that the Ethiopian planes were plenty good enough to tow "sleeve targets" such as are used in all modern armies.

The air minister had never heard of them, but he really was anxious to learn. He asked me if I would meet him that night when one of the Emperor's confidential advisers—a young man, not one of the chiefs—could be present. It was a grand chance to discover the workings of Ethiopian red tape. I agreed.

The process of towing a sleeve is simple, but I went over it with them for an hour and a half. A sleeve is merely a conical target made of white cloth; it is towed behind an airplane at the end of a 500-foot rope. It is far enough behind so that the pilot is in no danger, and it offers antiaircraft gunners, or aerial machine gunners, actual practice at a swiftly moving target.

The air minister and the Emperor's adviser asked a thousand questions; they wanted diagrams. All the necessary materials could be easily and cheaply obtained in Addis Ababa; they would build some sleeves and start practice immediately.

That was more than a month before the war started; they haven't built the sleeves yet, and if an Ethiopian antiaircraft gunner hits an Italian airplane it will certainly prove that there *is* a Santa Claus.

It wouldn't have surprised me if the Ethiopian pilots who had to do the towing had balked. But that wasn't the hitch. Somewhere in high circles the proposal hit a snag. To accept a military suggestion from a foreigner would be to admit an Ethiopian weakness!

IF the Emperor keeps his present advisers and they steer the Ethiopian cause on the rocks, Fiterouri Berou gets his chance. The first major defeat may hear him cry, "Incompetence!" and "Follow me!" The revolution will be on, the Emperor will be worrying about his crown—and I'll be worrying about my skin.

Every one here realizes that the Ethiopians hate all foreigners. Only the Emperor's discipline keeps them in restraint. If that fails in the teeth of a revolution, you will see foreign journalists streaking out of Ethiopia in nineteen directions—or so the journalists hope. They may not be able to get out. If they do, they will probably all sing soprano.

Lij Yassou is another aspirant for the throne. He held it once, and in 1916 he was deposed. It was claimed that he had been flirting dangerously with the Mohammedan faith. Maybe he had and maybe he hadn't; at all events, times have changed. Today Haile Selassie needs the support of every one of Ethiopia's five million Mohammedans. Perhaps he can retain it, but in the face of a revolt by Lij Yassou he might have a tough task.

The last and the most important of the Emperor's woes is Ras Seyoum, governor of Tigré and commander of the armies of the north. Seyoum has a better claim to the throne than has Haile Selassie. There has been considerable doubt about his willingness to take orders. He is far more interested in the fate of Tigré than he is in that of the rest of Ethiopia. At first he refused to withdraw and leave his towns to the enemy, in accordance with the plan of campaign. The Italians knew it. The very first day of hostilities they deluged Tigré with handbills appealing directly to Ras Seyoum—and his followers—to abandon the Ethiopian cause and play ball with the Italians. They promised to put him back on the throne of his grandfather if he did.

He was undoubtedly tempted. The question in his mind was probably whether he would rather be the so-called ruler of a civilized Italian vassal state or take his chances in an independent Ethiopia. After he and the other chiefs had saved its independence they could again buck the Emperor.

Ras Seyoum undoubtedly thinks he has been wronged; he believes that Haile Selassie's crown is rightfully his. But when it comes to aiding the Italians in order to get it, he probably thinks of an old Ethiopian proverb: "You can live through the bite of a black snake; when a white snake bites you, you die."

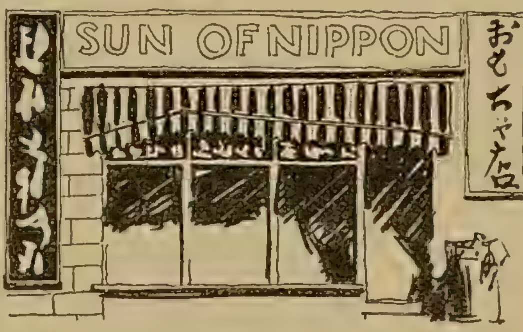
Editor's Note: News of the death of Lij Yassou reached the United States just after this issue of Liberty had gone to press. More from Liberty's staff correspondent in Ethiopia, Mr. Collings, will appear in early issues as received from him.

Oysters on the Half Shell

Liberty's Short Short

by NOEL V. FELLOM

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 56 SECONDS



"WELL, sergeant?" said Jasper Cooley, as he watched his friend, Tom McQuirk, sipping eight-year-old California brandy.

The veteran head of San Francisco's Chinatown Squad squirmed more comfortably into his easy chair. "I'm hep to you, Jasper. You wine and dine me and feed me your best brandy just to get a story out of me."

Then, as Cooley had hoped, McQuirk warmed quickly.

"Well, I was walking in a dismal little alley behind Stockton Street," he began, "one foggy night. Suddenly I stopped, dead certain that some one was close by me. As I swung my flashlight, a figure sprang up from beside an open garbage can and stood there shaking all over—white as a sheet. I saw he was trying to hide some chicken bones he was clutching. Well, I was near going soft. Just then a door on the alleyway opened and a little chubby Japanese stood there, taking in the situation.

"'O.K., Magurk—' He always called me Magurk. 'Maybe I feed this Chinee boy—yes-s-s?'

"Hirohito took 'Slim' Kee into his restaurant and fed him. For months the Chinese continued to live with the Jap and his family in the rear of the restaurant, the Sun of Nippon. There was Slim, Hirohito, his baby girl, and his silent smiling wife, Suya. Slim Kee, out of gratitude, worked like a dog.

"Between Slim and Hirohito, the little restaurant flourished. Occasionally I'd drop in for a cup of java.

"About this time the trouble between Japan and China broke out. Slim Kee, though a northerner, was also a rabid Nationalist, while Hirohito was equally devoted to his emperor. There came the day when Slim Kee walked out of the Sun of Nippon.

"Weeks rolled by. I could see Hirohito mourned the loss of his friend and helper. Once Suya asked if I ever saw the 'long' Chinese, as she called him.

"Then came the day when the Hirohito pride and joy, that little Aiko, wandered off the sidewalk into the traffic. Old Martin, the Chinatown guide, saw it and told me about it later. Just as it seemed certain that a big car would crush out her tiny life, a wretched-looking 'long' Chinese hauled her to safety.

"Old Martin said Slim Kee cuddled the tot and smiled at her. But as Hirohito rushed up, he set the child down, turned, and started away. The fat little Japanese was after him, spilling out a jumbled mixture of Chinese and Japanese that called upon the emperor and the gods to witness he would die of gratitude.

"But Slim Kee, stubborn devil, would not return to the Sun of Nippon with the grateful father.

"'I am an unclean creature,' said Slim Kee. 'The white doctors have said that I have tuberculosis. I cannot contaminate the abode of one who was once my very good friend.'

"'Who is *still* your very good friend,' protested Hirohito. 'Where should you go if not to those who care for you?'

"'I must go to the desert—to Arizona,' said Slim.

"'Have you money?' demanded the Japanese.

"Slim Kee shrugged. 'It matters little. A man cannot escape his fate.'

"'At least let me help you,' offered the other; but at this Slim Kee pulled away.

"'You are of those who oppress my country,' old Martin heard him say sadly. 'For this I do not blame you. But I could not accept a favor from you.'

"Hirohito was in a fever. At last he said, 'You would not begrudge my humble family the pleasure of having a bowl of rice with you before your departure?'

"Slim Kee hesitated, then said, 'Tonight I go, but before that I shall come for the evening meal.'

"Well, early that evening I sauntered into the Sun of Nippon for a dish of chop suey.

"Hirohito greeted me, and locked the door behind me. He explained that tonight they were feasting their departing friend. When I wanted to leave for fear of intruding, he protested loudly, and so I sat up at the dingy counter. The special table was in a corner.

"Slim Kee came. He nodded civilly to me, and timidly presented Suya with a scrawny Jerusalem-cherry plant. When she welcomed him with words of gratitude, he only scowled and coughed.

"From the kitchen doorway little Aiko stared with wondering eyes.

"Of course I was invited to join them, and quite naturally refused. Sitting there, a small coffeepot before me, I heard Hirohito say to Slim Kee, 'We have special dishes to do honor to your departure.'

"The meal began with sukiyaki and deeply scented tea. Next came fluffy white rice, cooked as the Chinese like it—with each kernel separate. Then came pork and chicken—only the white tempting meat. And last of all came large oysters on the half shell.

"There were six on Slim's plate. He devoured five, then stopped as if his capacity had been reached. He did not see how the little Japanese and his wife kept eying him. Nor did he notice Hirohito's half-suppressed sigh of relief as he made up his mind to eat that last oyster.

"With it poised in mid-air, Slim Kee stared in stupefaction at the shell on his plate. Then he gulped the oyster and abruptly dropped his chopsticks. He held up a sizable pearl between two trembling fingers.

"Hirohito cried joyfully, 'You are lucky, my friend! The omen for your departure is good. Let us go at once to my friend Chan, the Korean loan man, and collect on your treasure.'

"Slim Kee stumbled to his feet. You could read his thoughts in his enraptured face.

"Then suddenly he appeared to wilt. He glanced nervously in my direction and spoke rapidly to Hirohito in low tones. Then they all came over to me.

"'You saw my friend find pearl, Sajent Magurk?' asked Hirohito hopefully.

"I nodded. 'Sure. Come on, I'll go to the Korean's with you, and convince him it isn't hot stuff.'

"Well, we went. Chan screwed a glass in one eye like a regular jeweler, and warily took the pearl.

"'It's O.K.,' I said. 'Slim found it in an oyster.' The Korean put down the pearl and considered.

"Finally he piped, 'Sixty dollar—no more.'

"Before Slim Kee could reply, Hirohito said, 'It is not enough, Chan.' They bargained. At last the Korean snapped, 'One hundred dollar—no more.'

"A sly look flashed between them.

"Outside, Slim Kee said to Hirohito, 'Half of this money is yours, for it was you who drove the bargain.'

"The Japanese shook his head. 'It is still an omen of good luck. Keep it all.'

"Slim Kee's eyes — cold-gray and pain-darkened — softened ever so slightly. His thin fingers touched his companion's arm, then he spun on his heel and was gone.

"Chan, the pawnbroker, watched with me from the doorway. There was a look of supreme disgust in his face, as he said, 'A fat generous Japanese, a thin stupid Chinaman, and a pearl with a hole in it taken from a five-and-ten necklace! What a combination!'"

THE END

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES

Clouds over SYLVIA

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

CONCERNING men Sylvia did not often make mistakes. Though she sometimes could be caught short on such trivialities as the spiritual significance of the Lake Poets or the doctrine of economic determinism, she had managed in her nineteen years of living to accumulate more sure-fire data about the species that conveniently makes fourths at bridge, dancing partners, and, with luck, husbands, than many people several times her age. But in Johnny von Donner's case she was deceived not so much by the man as by a measles microbe.

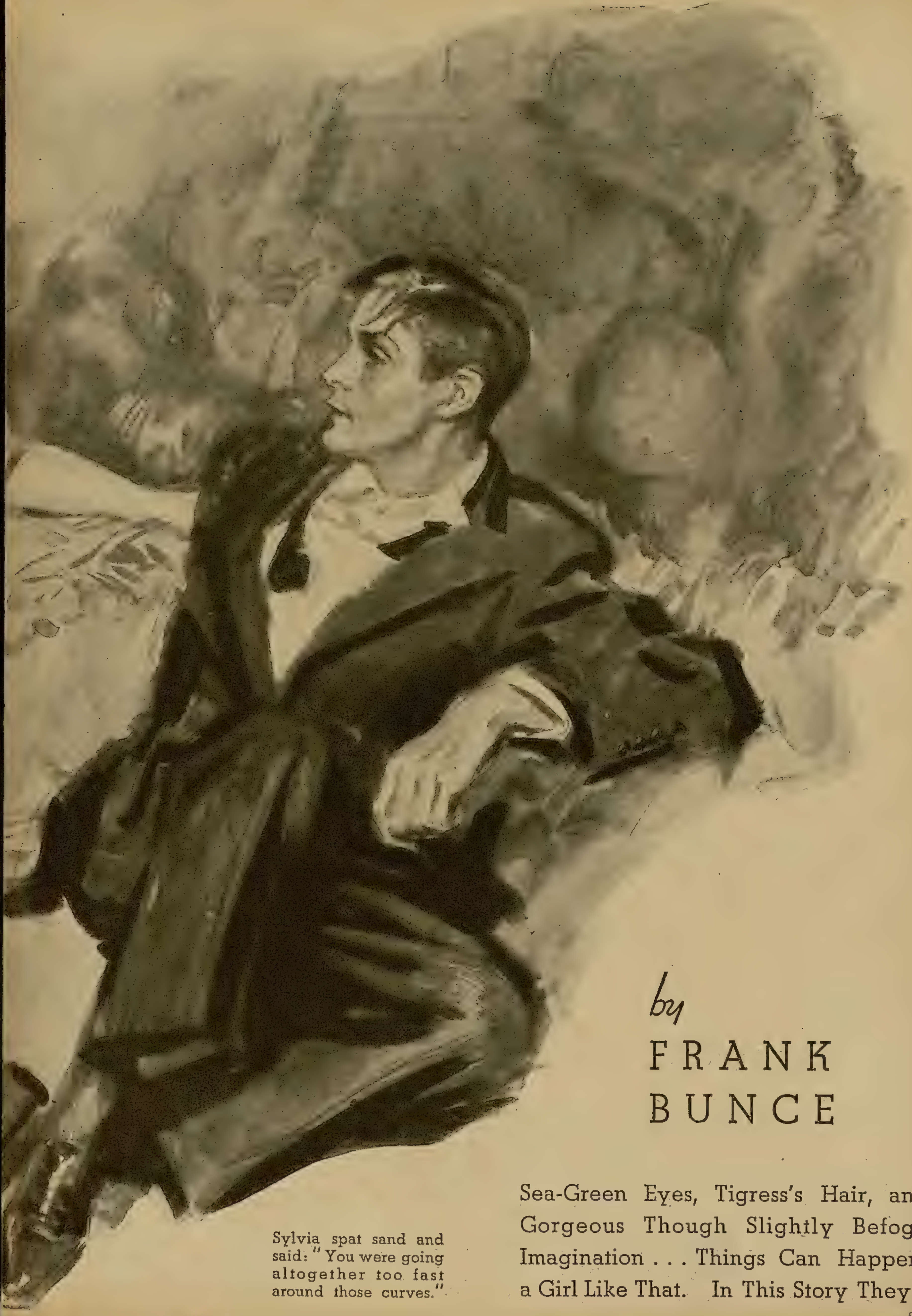
The microbe had invaded Johnny's system when he was eight or thereabouts and had multiplied so prodigiously as to leave him with weak eyes—which, aside from a slightly short-weight intellect, was about the only flaw in an otherwise perfect organism. An oculist with no sense of humor had fitted him to gold-rimmed spectacles, and Johnny from force of habit had worn them ever after.

Hence Sylvia's mistake. Had she looked either higher or lower she might have estimated him differently; for below the neck Johnny was modeled along the approximate line of Lo the Big Indian, while above it he had none of the noble loftiness of brow observable in such persons as William Shakespeare and Albert Einstein. But the gold rims, even more than the spectacles they enclosed, betrayed Sylvia into pegging him as an intellectual trying to get down to her low level, and she shifted stance accordingly.

"The scene," she said, in answer to his opening comment that the view from the cliff on which they stood was rather swell, "is reminiscent of something from the brush of Corot."

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

MONTGOMERY FLAGG



Sylvia spat sand and said: "You were going altogether too fast around those curves."

by FRANK BUNCE

Sea-Green Eyes, Tigress's Hair, and a Gorgeous Though Slightly Befogged Imagination . . . Things Can Happen to a Girl Like That. In This Story They Do!

Johnny gulped. When you have pursued a girl up many miles of hairpinned mountain trail in the hope she may be as vivid and exciting as she looks from a distance, it is something of a shock to hear her talk like that. For about thirty seconds he was unable to say anything. And then he too shifted stance and said, with just the proper pedagogic air:

"The same thought had—er—occurred to me."

They tied their horses and sat down on opposite sides of a big flat rock. Sylvia saw nothing in him to interest her much; and she was waiting for Herschel Harris, who was the kind girls waited for, and liked it. And Johnny sat reflecting, with a sense of personal affront, that it was a plain violation of the laws of nature that any one with her coloring should turn out that kind. Intellectual. Big-brained.

"I suppose," he suggested, as the only possible explanation, "you paint or something?"

She considered this. "Well—not very successfully. My real interest is"—she again considered—"aesthetics."

"Oh," he said. This was worse than he had thought. But he was game; he could take it. "Interesting things, aesthetics. I'm very fond of them myself, in an amateur way."

Some traces of humor in the man, at least, Sylvia thought. He might help to while away the tedium of waiting for Herschel. She turned disturbing sea-green eyes upon him. "I am sure you have some serious intellectual interest also?" she urged in a tone she had cultivated for use on the tired business men and gray-haired pedants any girl who gets around at all sometimes unavoidably gets stuck with.

"Oh, yes. Of course." He wrenched his eyes away from hers and forced himself to something approximating coherent thought. It would never do, with a big-brained one like this, to admit he was a plain blunt junior executive in a back-East investment house, vacationing here in Steamboat Springs for the health of his aunt, who owned most of the investment house. "Mine is—er—philology."

"How wonderful!" she breathed; and then there seemed nothing more for them to say to each other. With most girls Johnny had a line of patter that was calculated to interest, amuse, and even agitate; but he shrank from the sentimental approach to one who could talk about aesthetics—whatever they were—without a blink. And Sylvia, though bright enough in everything that really matters, could pump up no enthusiasm for philology.

The WORLD of TOMORROW

No Office Wife for You!

by RAY CUMMINGS

YOU are Pan-American sales manager for your concern, which manufactures a line of mechanisms to keep suffering humans cool in hot weather. At your desk, alone in your little metal cubby office in New York, you say to a photoelectric cell:

"Give me my letters which need answering, please."

The bundled sheaf of letters comes popping out of a vacuum tube from the sorting machine in a distant cubby. You say to another photoelectric-cell mechanism:

"Take a letter, please."

The speaker grid of the voice-type machine swings out into position before your face.

The voice-type machine clicks as it types your spoken words. You dictate for most of the morning. When you are finished, the voice-type machine aligns the fifty-odd letters in the signing rack, so that to sign them you only write your name once.

The letters are mechanically whisked away through a wall aperture to the mailing room, where the folding machines presently have them stamped and deposited in the vacuums en route to the post office.

After lunch you secure visible interviews with seven or eight really important customers in Brazil, Ecuador, Venezuela, and Peru; and you are rewarded with a few good-sized orders.

At 4 P.M. your salesmen assemble for the daily conference. Twenty of them. Twenty television mirrors in a crescent around you. And for half an hour you lecture on how they must sell more goods.

At 5 P.M. you fly home. Your wife greets you and says:

"John, I imagine you didn't speak to a person in the flesh since you left me this morning. Did you?"

Come to think of it, you didn't. She sighs contentedly.

"The machinery of modern business is very wonderful, John. Poor Mrs. Smith—her husband is so old-fashioned in business. She was telling me today she's awfully jealous of that pretty stenographer he's got. She says that's his office wife. But I don't have to worry like that, do I?"

Business in the world of tomorrow will be about like this. Don't you think so? Did you know that a voice-type machine has already been invented? Its cost is excessive, and it's not quite practical yet for commercial use; but no doubt it soon will be.

They sat there for fifteen minutes; Sylvia looked at her watch and frowned. They sat there, on two ends of a big rock, while half an hour passed; and by that time she had begun to be annoyed. They sat there an hour; and she was furious. She turned on Johnny suddenly.

"Have you a car?" she said.

It was terribly crude; but she was out of patience—with the faithless Herschel; more subtly, with Johnny.

He roused. "Why—yes. That is, a roadster."

"I love roadsters." Sylvia wasn't trying for finesse; she was furious. "There's going to be a College Club Carousal down in the city tonight. Oh, it will be very intellectual," she hastened to add. "What I mean, there will be no end of faculty members from the state university and some visiting professors, and they will have a big room to themselves for discussing things; though of course the vulgar herd, the students and such, will just make it an excuse for a little dancing and necking."

"Shocking!" Johnny said. He even clucked.

"Yes, isn't it?" she agreed. "Though Ethel—my cabinmate here—and I rather like to fraternize with them once in a while, just to get a slant on the mass reactions." She paused, pleased with the phrase and the loophole it gave her, then returned briskly to the business in hand: "The trouble is, though, we came out here by train and neither of us has a car. Ethel is going with a boy, but I won't have any way to get there—"

"I'll take you!" Johnny almost shouted it. He stood on familiar ground now. Aesthetics and such might have him out on a limb, but he knew a feminine lead when he heard it.

He was going to say more. He might even have worked around to his line after all, and any of a number of warm delightful intimate things might have happened there on that cliff — which after all was rather a neat setting for romance. But just then Herschel Harris rode up, and Johnny went dumb. Men generally did go dumb when Herschel came up. Everything seemed so futile beside his arrogant good looks.

He rode up to the end of their rock and swung off upon it. An instant his glance rested on Johnny. One instant only; then he dismissed him from consideration as a person of no consequence, and approached Sylvia.

"We'd better go into reverse and get back down to camp," he said. "We'll just about have time to bathe and shave before we whirl off to the carousal."

"We're not whirling anywhere. Not tonight. Not you and I together." Sylvia's voice was low and sweet—a dangerous thing in woman.

His fine eyebrows drew together. "I thought we had some sort of date for this evening."

"And I thought we had some sort of date for this afternoon. Up here, on this rock." She turned away from him and put a hand on Johnny's arm. "Come on," she said clearly. "You heard what he said. We'll just have time to get back and bathe and shave before we whirl off to the carousal."

Herschel came after, faintly smiling. Women often were annoyed with him, but they always came around with a little urging. He put a hand on her shoulder. "Don't get sore, Sylvie," he crooned. "I was held up—couldn't get away—"

Johnny turned. He had been rather nettled, too, for some time; and he was no longer interested in finesse, either. He struck away Herschel's hand and loomed over him. And Sylvia noticed then, in some astonishment, that he was about half again as tall as Herschel, and considerably thicker.

"You heard what she said," he said. "We're going to the carousal, and we've got to hurry. Her and me. She and I."

His superior size and his sudden vocal shift to bass had their effect. Herschel muted while Johnny turned on Sylvia and threw her into her saddle—literally; for he had been bottling up a bad temper for something more than an hour.

Sylvia was too astonished to say anything until they were halfway down the mountain. Then she remarked respectfully: "In awkward situations you handle yourself rather well. For a philologist."

The word recalled to Johnny his presumed scholarship. He said primly: "I had no intention, of course, of using force. I merely employed psychology." A nice word, psychology. He had used it often without ever having troubled to make sure quite what it meant.

FRANK BUNCE

by this time is probably the world's greatest runner. He started running away from home when he was four and repeated it five times, the last when he was thirteen and which was more or less permanent. Since then he's traveled, worked in lumber camps, on ships, played pro baseball and football, and boxed — for about a dollar a round!

"Oh," Sylvia said. As a civilized person she should have been pleased to know he had never intended to use anything but psychology. But as a human being and a woman, she wasn't. And, for once in her experience with men, she was puzzled.

She confided her puzzlement to her cabinmate a little later, while they dressed.

"He's not bad-looking, when you discount the glasses. And he picked me up like something the wind blows around. And there was a moment or two, coming down that mountain, when I got the idea he might crack and be almost human—ask me to stop and look at the view from some place where our knees would touch, or something. But, Ethel, he's a philologist."

"Some of these big-brained boys will fool you," Ethel said, briskly squizzing perfume on various kissable spots about herself. "I had a date with an exchange professor from England once. He was the pale and interesting type, and he looked as if butter would actually get brittle in his mouth. But—well, I could tell you plenty if I had the right mood on."

Sylvia brightened. Maybe, she thought, the evening wouldn't be so dismal after all.

But Johnny talked philology all the way down to the city.

He had thought things over, back in his own cabin. The girl was stunning. She was lovely, entrancing, seductive, and a thousand other things he hadn't quite the vocabulary to define. He could overlook a little wart of intellect. He could sacrifice a few dances for her. She was worth making sacrifices for. She was even worth being intelligent for. He borrowed Volume Par to Pizarro of the Encyclopaedia Britannica from his aunt and studied Philology for fifteen minutes. He had what educators have gone to calling a "quick" I. Q. He absorbed things promptly, and as promptly forgot them. At the end of the fifteen minutes he had a fair, if evanescent, working knowledge of the subject. And he

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

let Sylvia know it all the way to the College Club steps.

"You're wonderful," she told him at the proper intervals, and then returned to thinking about Herschel.

The College Club was a nice place. It was as nice a place, of its kind, as anything west of Princeton or east of Stanford. It had a swell ballroom, an extensive garden with fountains, and it had tonight a superior hot orchestra. Also, there was a large room inlaid with walnut where the more serious-minded professors and the more narrow-minded professors' wives could be segregated.

"Darling," Sylvia said to him, her toes twinkling treacherously to the music as they went up the steps, "do you mind if we look in on the dancers a while? It broadens one to fraternize with the herd occasionally."

"Not at all," Johnny said. "It helps," he said, "to give you an idea of the mass reactions. Their psychology, too."

Herschel was there, cool, critical, beautiful, in the stag line. He broke from it promptly when Sylvia came in.

"Next?" he asked her. "Second and third?"

Her gown was a wow and he wanted her.

Sylvia ruffled her tigress's hair and made her sea-green eyes completely blank and chill. All men had their weaknesses; Herschel's, she saw, was just plain piggishness. And knowing that, she could have him as long as she liked, she saw. She could have him for life, if she chose, because now she knew where to hit him.

"I came," she said coldly, "with Mr. Von Donner. And I always dance first with the guy that brung me." She turned to Mr. Von Donner. "Shall we dance?" she said. She had expected to be mauled and pulled and bumped until Herschel cut in. She had the surprise of her life in Johnny's dancing, which was excellent, and in the thrill of having his sizable shoulders fold around her. Johnny had plenty of It.

"Why, you dance splendidly!" she said. Surprise reduced her to banality.

"I took it up at dancing school," he said. "To study the mass reactions. Psychology." But he talked in bass. He was getting nettled again.

Herschel cut in. "Who's this guy Von Donner?"

Sylvia let her eyes drift over his shoulder to Johnny, standing scowling in the center of the floor. Her eyes patted him, soothed, invited him. "He's a philologist," she said. She let her imagination soar—she had a gorgeous imagination. "He's written big books about it. He's one of the four leading recognized authorities on the subject."

"Oh," said Herschel. His forehead wrinkled. Thought went on behind it.

Johnny cut back. But just then the music stopped and the three of them went out upon the promenade walk.

Herschel gave Johnny a cigarette. He lighted it for him. "Sylvia tells me you're Mr. Von Donner," he said. "The Mr. Von Donner. The philologist."

"Yeah," said Johnny. "Yes," he said. He was good at bluffing, and his glasses helped. A man's eyes can't betray him when he's wearing glasses.

"Professor Peters will want to meet you," Herschel said. He too had a gorgeous imagination; he went on: "Fact is, just the other day he was saying he'd give half his life to be able to meet this Von Donner fellow personally. The Von Donner. The philologist."

"Yeah? Yes?" said Johnny. "Well, some other time—"

"Better make it now," Herschel urged. "He'll be going back East in a day or two."

Sylvia had an idea. She put a hand on each of their elbows. "Come on," she said. "We'll all three go." A nice quiet intellectual evening would be good for Herschel. It would deflate him a bit, maybe. She steered them on into the walnut room.

The atmosphere was cold and heavy with thought. People spoke weightily; no one was even drinking. Professor Peters was speaking weightily—about philology. He stopped speaking to stare coldly and weightily at the three of them.

"Professor Peters," Herschel said, "this is Mr. Von Donner. The Mr. Von Donner. The philologist."

"Indeed?" Professor Peters said. Indeed is a horrid word; and it's worse when it's uttered as he uttered it.

"He writes books," Herschel said. "About philology. He's one of the four leading recognized authorities on the subject."

"Indeed?" said Professor Peters.

There was much that Sylvia did not know about philology; anybody could fool her with any old quotations from an Encyclopaedia Britannica article. But she knew a lot about some other things. She knew, for instance, how a man looks when his bluff is called. She knew how a man must feel when his bluff is called before his girl, before his rival, before everybody, and he hasn't anything to back it up. She knew he must want to sink through the floor—or have the world, or at least the room, plunged into darkness so that he could flee his shame. She was standing by a light switch. She let her elbow rest on it absently, and the room was plunged into darkness.

It took some time for somebody else to locate the light switch and push it back up. And when the lights came on again, Johnny was gone.

Sylvia left with Herschel. They went out of the room and across to a parking lot. Too worried to mind much his loud and unmusical and unremittant cackling, she looked for Johnny's roadster and her worry increased when she saw that it wasn't there. No man in his frame of mind ought to be out driving over those hairpinned mountain roads.

"Let's go for a drive," she said to Herschel, her voice cutting sharply through his chortling. "Up on the mountain, where we can be alone. And step on it."

"Philologist!" he crooned, when the car's speed choked down on the long grade up from the city. "One of the four leading authorities! Has written books about it! And did you see his face!"

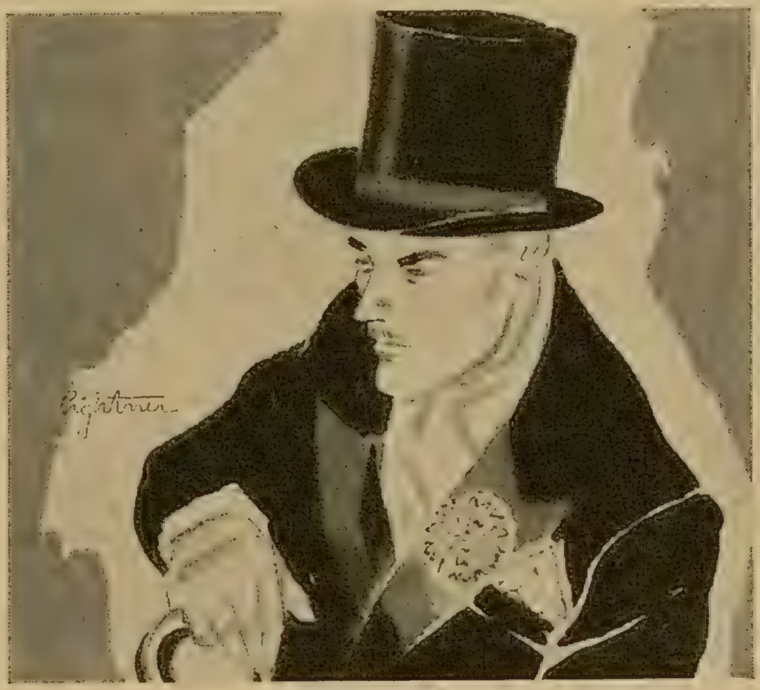
"You're being very unattractive," she said. "I always positively itch to conk people that say they told you

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Gentlemen's style-consciousness is occupying attention in Paris, as is evidenced by the appearance of M. Bianchini, dean of the silk manufacturers, with a red-silk handkerchief tucked in his overcoat pocket, the hanky matching the carnation he wears as a boutonniere. Tie manufacturers are launching new openwork silk ties in dark shades, but are keeping it a dark secret. They're really made on lace machines.

Yose is making a rainproofed dark-blue evening overcoat with a velvet collar; also reversible day coats—one side the usual raglan gabardine, but, when worn inside out, becoming a dark mixed topcoat with patch pockets.

DORAMILLER.



so." She saw, far ahead, a car's lights sweeping around a curve much more rapidly than was safe. "Step on it," she said. "And shut up, please!"

"Mr. Von Donner," Herschel said. "The Mr. Von Donner. Prof Peters was dying to meet him—sure. He eats quacks alive. You're all that saved that mug from extinction. Don't think I didn't see you lean on that light switch." They reached the crest of the hill and stopped, well off the road and behind a screen of jack pines.

"Well," he said, leaning back to light a cigarette, "here's a place where things can happen."

"Yes," she said. She looked down at the floor. "Isn't that a monkey wrench under your feet? There, just back of the clutch? Well, give it to me."

"What for?" he asked, giving it to her.

"I want to use it. Thanks. Now give me your handkerchief—it's bigger than mine."

"What for?" Herschel asked, and gave it to her.

She wrapped the handkerchief around the head of the monkey wrench, and then she conked him; not delicately—just hard enough to stun, not kill, at just the point where the part of his hair ended. When he slumped, she moved him over to her side of the seat and took the wheel.

The roadster ahead was starting up a second steeper grade when she got back into the road. She gave her car the gun and closed up some of the distance between them before he was quite over the top. But she saw plainly that if she kept on the way that she was going there was likely to be a double smash, not a mere single one.

Any one with some skill as a driver can whirl around hairpin curves wide open once, or even half a dozen times perhaps, and get away with it. But with half a hundred such curves between them and the resort, the law of averages was bound to catch up with them somewhere along the way.

She closed her eyes, as the car ground skyward, and conjured a mental map of the region. Just off the summit of this hill was an old road, a short cut. She knew. She had been over most of the byways and short cuts with Herschel. He was that kind. The short cut was difficult and hard on a car; but she had passed drivers' tests with honors—and it wasn't her car. She swerved into the short cut.

She had a glimpse of the roadster high over her as she dipped down. She heard its motor roar as she first climbed, then leveled. She kept her foot down to the floor board, and flashed into the main road just as the roadster's headlights arced into the stretch.

She was going too fast to turn. She screamed and closed her eyes, and the car's nose flattened into the soft earth of an overhanging hill. The roadster, brakes screaming, spanked its behind and went into the mountain too. Sylvia flew over the wheel. Johnny flew over the roadster's wheel. They landed at about the same spot at the same moment, and rolled down the hill shockingly tangled up.

For some time after she ceased to roll, Sylvia felt nothing much but a pleasant warmth that was decidedly unusual under the circumstances. Then she became aware that one of her elbows was resting in Johnny's gullet. She took it out and sat up. Johnny sat up too then. It appeared that he wasn't hurt much either. He had just been waiting, with supreme courtesy, for her to take her elbow out of him.

Sylvia spat sand and said severely:

"You were going altogether too fast around those curves, Mr. Von Donner. I could have told you you'd have an accident."

"I don't care," Johnny said. His face was tragic underneath some dirt, in the light of a rising moon. "I don't care about anything after what happened tonight." He hawked out sand, said savagely: "I'm no philologist. You know that now. I'm not anything. I'm just an utter blockhead. I don't belong with an intellectual girl like you."

"Oh, I don't know about that," she said. She was tempted to quote some of her calculus grades to him, but refrained. It was sometimes just as well to have them a little in awe of you. She substituted: "Oh, I don't know about your being such an utter blockhead, Johnny. You must know something. You must know the date of the War of 1812, for instance."

Johnny pondered. "No," he admitted miserably; "I don't. I never could remember dates. Historical ones, I mean."

SHE noted the qualification; she was interested. She moved a little closer to him and let her hair very delicately touch his cheek.

That always worked. Man is an animal that responds readily to tickling.

"You must know something," she repeated softly. "You must know, for instance, what's expected of you when you're alone with a girl on a lonely mountain road, with a moon beginning to come up?"

Johnny gulped, tasting much sand. He looked at her, and she was very seductive there in the early moonlight, with her tigress's hair, and her sea-green eyes alight with a thousand witching lights, and her gown torn at one white shoulder.

"Yeah," he said—"I got an idea. I got a pretty good idea."

"Wait," she said. She rose on a sudden thought and went over to Herschel's car. She had just then thought of him.

He was sprawled across the cushion, his mouth open, his eyes closed. He was asleep. He was snoring, in a well bred way. From the state of coma induced by her monkey wrench he had passed by easy stages into slumber. He had missed the wreck—and everything else.

"He'll be all right," Sylvia said, turning back to Johnny. "We'll just let him park here till morning. And by that time he won't matter. By that time you and I are going to mean a lot to each other. We may be even married. Or something."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Measles stopped him from quitting school and enlisting in the Spanish-American War; he edited his college magazine, and inherited about $100,000. Who is he?

2—What is an effective remedy for hiccoughs?

3—Who among these wrote The Demi-Widow: Dora Macy, Mrs. Edith Wharton, Zola, Mary Pickford or Vina Delmar?

4—Are less than a hundred or less than a thousand women licensed to pilot transport planes?

5—Why is an opossum shrimp so called?

6—Is a tonga a Chinese society, a Roman garment, or an Indian vehicle?

7—What is a good method of sweetening the bowl of a brier pipe?

8—Is soup eaten or drunk?

9—Which United States coins contain copper?

10—In Canada, what is a "tied hotel"?

11—Who asked for death or a popular weekly (advt.)?

12—A healthy youth weighing 100 pounds eats about how many times his weight a year?

13—Which big-league ballplayer always wore some article of clothing green in color?

14—Who is considered the first opera singer to be heard via radio in the United States?

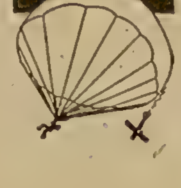
15—Which of these words is spelled correctly: soveriegn, perspicaicous, sonambulist, chukker?

16—What animal, able to go for long periods without water, can see to the rear without turning its head?

17—Are there more pounds of nails in a keg than of flour in a cental?

18—Which noted talking-picture star once played the piano in a music store in Montreal, Canada?

19—Why is the Caterpillar Club so named?



20—The author of The Purloined Letter was wed to his cousin. Who was he?

(Answers will be found on page 41)

SECRETS I HAVE KEPT FOR YEARS

by JOE HUMPHREYS

Dean of American Boxing Announcers

as told to DAVIS J. WALSH

The Jump Steve Brodie Didn't Make—Why Fitzsimmons Lost—A Famous Prize-Ring Veteran Lays Bare a Picturesque Past

Keystone View photo

Joe Humphreys today.

READING TIME
13 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Brown Bros. photo

Terrible Terry McGovern (left) vs. Young Corbett

I'VE never got the big break, but I've been close. Orphan and newsboy in the '80s; then a Wall Street job and towel swinging at night for amateur fighters and some of the professionals in the "loft-and-barge" era. That got me. I was hooked. I loved boxing then and will to the day I die. So, for better or worse, I have followed the thudding glove down the years.

The end of Terry McGovern was the end of me, as far as handling fighters was concerned. There just wasn't any going on with somebody else. I loved that boy.

So finally I settled down to announcing—all the big fights and many of the small. I'm supposed to be part of the show. They say they can't get along without me. I hope that's true. Anyhow, I can see those three generations now, like they were columns on parade, marching down through the lens of a camera and into the black-out. I even see them sometimes while standing in the middle of the ring, with my arms out, giving the old gates-ajar routine.

Except for a little modern window dressing, it's the same scene, the same people; it might be 1888 all over again. Human nature hasn't changed. There's only more of it.

Without a doubt there is considerably more of it than Al Smith and I knew when we played together as small boys in the mud of an East Side street. We went to the same school, were born within three blocks of each other on Oliver Street. Later on the resemblance became a little vague. But I'll say this for Al: he has never let me forget that boyhood friendships can be real. But then, everything about Al is real.

He's very real to me right now, because he's one of the few that are left. It kind of tears a hole in a man's side to realize that he's almost alone; that the past is deader than a dark street and that even its names are worn a little thin, like an inscription on an old tablet.

There was Steve Brodie, who probably didn't jump off Brooklyn Bridge but figured the advertising for his bar was just as good even if he only said he did. At that, a couple of "imitators" did the jump, the real McCoy, and only one of them lived to tell of it.

There was also "Chuck" Connors, the arch-phony who didn't have a thing, only the make-up, and Lieutenant Becker of the Rosenthal case, who went to the chair and should only have gone to jail.

Still earlier were the days of John L. Sullivan, in and out of his cups. A young bank clerk by the name of Corbett hadn't yet been heard of. Years later there was a

"De guy" in shirt sleeves is Steve Brodie—at his own saloon's bar.

Below: Meet Maggie Cline. She sang Throw Him Down, McCluskey!

Brown Bros. photos

certain singing waiter known as Izzy Baline.

Everybody knows about Corbett. As for Izzy, he was a nobody in the days when Herman Rosenthal was the big-shot gambler. I worked for Herman. He was all right but too communicative. He wanted to get confidential with District Attorney—afterward Governor—Whitman and didn't quite live long enough.

Today Izzy Baline is Irving Berlin. But I still remember him as a kind of wistful little guy who carried a tray and a tune down in "Nigger Mike" Salter's place.

Nigger Mike wasn't colored, just "dark-complected," as we said in those days. A lot of libel has been committed on Mike's memory, some historians presenting him as a sinister man who did dark deeds in the dead of night. That's silly. Mike was a nice guy, except when tight. On the same basis, today, I could indict half of the male butterflies from one coast to the other.

The good old Bowery wasn't the dark, wicked hellhole it's painted, either. We were a more natural, impulsive people then, and we were better for it. Why, the old Bowery was a sort of homelike place, modest and moral compared to the standards of Park Avenue today!

A lady by the name of Mae West has been doing some Bowery characterizations for the movies, but they're the bunk. In the first place, she isn't a marker for Maggie Cline, who sang Throw Him Down, McCluskey! In the second, the pictures suggest an atmosphere of evil that had no place in the life down there. You could take your mother or sister—or a Sister of Mercy—around and feel safe from embarrassment.

No matter what performance you witnessed, the only skin you saw on a lady was the same you'd see on the street—her hands and face. We were a frank and more or less wholesome generation, living like children and, by today's ideas, almost as simple. Believe me, we'd have been shamed by the things that have passed before my eyes in the last ten years.

It was supposed to be a tough street—and it was. But men fought as men. They were honestly tough. "Red Rocks" Farrell was a tough guy, as we knew them in those days. He was quite a character, gentle, harmless except when aroused, and quite a boy with the other boys. But he loved his liquor and, with it, a brawl with the cops. On the average, it took a half dozen cops to get him out through the barroom door. His pal was "Boston Tim" Brennan, a newspaper pressman of the old school, and they were a pair to draw to.

Boston Tim was with Brodie the night he went over to the East River to put on his show. Only a few other trusted friends were along, Steve needing them to handle the boat. And, besides, somebody had to throw the dummy off the bridge, didn't they?

In spite of the trouble Brodie took, the story got out confidentially here and there. However, nobody ever made much point about whether Brodie faked his jump or not. We were that way on the old Bowery. We minded our own business.

Frankly, Brodie was too smart to do any more than get his pants wet. Get a dredge and probably you'll find his dummy even at this late date at the bottom of the river, weighted down with rocks. Anybody who knew him knew he wouldn't take a chance on dying just to advertise himself. Only wild men do things like that.

All this time I had been following boxing in its then unlawful or bootleg stage—meaning that we had to hire a barge or a loft somewhere. I remember one of these to this day, can even tell you who were fighting, although their names would mean nothing now. I remember so well because, for the first time, the law put the collar on me.

The bout was held under the auspices of the Rosedale Stag at 89 Monroe Street—and eighty-nine were pinched! I was one of the eighty-nine.

I WAS only a kid then, orphaned at nine, and hustling for a living. My days had been spent on street corners, selling papers; my nights in five-and-ten-cent lodging-houses. At the time of the raid on the Rosedale Stag I had graduated to a job in the Wall Street district.

My first thrill had come some years earlier, when a big man, with black dominating eyes and a face nobody could forget, stopped me at the corner of Canal Street and the Bowery and asked me the way to Jimmy Elliott's funeral. Jimmy, a good heavyweight of his day, had once fought John L. Sullivan—to Jimmy's lasting regret—and now he was having a funeral, with half of the town paying its respects.

"Gee, John L.," says I, all agog, "if you'll follow me, I'll take you there."

And down the street we went, practically stopping traffic, me and the great John L. walking side by side. At the door of the Elliott home he gave me two dollars. I meant to keep it the rest of my life, but I guess I didn't quite make it. The only way I could have done that was to die within ten days.

Sullivan was a very good man, judged by any standards. Given the benefit of what we have learned about boxing in succeeding generations, he would have been great. He was tough and strong and could punch. But the men of his generation—Jake Kilrain, for instance—were much the same, only not so tough. More than that, Professor Mike Donovan, though a good old-school boxer, couldn't punch his way out of a lily cup.

How do you suppose a little man like Charley Mitchell of England, barely more than a middleweight, could go thirty-nine rounds with Sullivan at Chantilly, France? Speed, of course, and maybe a break or two on the side. These old-timers never figured they could use speed.

Looking back on it now, I wonder why we were so surprised when Corbett took the heavyweight title from John L. at New Orleans in 1892.

In the first place, Sullivan was old and his mode of life was against him. This wasn't as bad as it has been painted by modern writers, who like to sit around fifty years later and reel off that rollicking line:

"I can lick any so-and-so in the house."

John loved to bulldoze his opponents in the ring, but I doubt whether he would want to pick on some sucker in a bar. He was too much of a good sport for that and, besides, he didn't feel that he had to announce himself. He *knew* he could lick any so-and-so in the world and took it for granted that every so-and-so knew it.

To get back to Corbett: any man who could box like that was bound to win against the crude fighters we had had around for ten years. Corbett had class, in and out of the ring; not a great puncher, but a good one—and how that man could move around!

Tunney has been compared to him as a boxer, and I'll admit the resemblance. Peter Jackson, the Negro who went sixty-one rounds with Corbett to exhaustion and a draw, is another counterpart. But I guess I'm just a Corbett admirer at heart. Anyhow, I haven't yet seen his superior as a heavyweight boxer.

His knockout by Bob Fitzsimmons at Carson City in 1897 hit a lot of people as hard as it hit Corbett. We knew that Corbett had been beaten by more than Fitzsimmons, great as Fitz was.

That was the first fight, so far as I know, ever witnessed by a woman; and the woman was Rose Julian, Fitz's wife. All through the contest she kept up a running fire of vituperation at Corbett's expense, and Jim, a sensitive man, was visibly affected. The fact that he had brought most of this upon himself by refusing to shake hands when he met Fitz on the road in training didn't explain this attack to Jim.

He was strictly a chivalry guy and the primitive wife was something new to him. He probably was still trying to figure it out when he got hit with a punch in the stomach in the fourteenth round and couldn't get up.

A doctor the next day diagnosed it as the solar-plexus punch, and overnight it became famous. But fighters were knocked out by punches to the body before the Carson City meeting and still are being knocked out in the same way.

MANY of the men I've mentioned were great fighters but, in my book, they weren't the best. Gradually and by degrees I've been working up to Terry McGovern, the Terrible Terry who reigned at and just after the turn of the century. In any fight argument I usually work up to Terry. Pound for pound, inch for inch, and punch for punch, he's the greatest I've ever seen.

Somewhere through the '90s I had worked into the practical side of boxing. I used to jump up to Hartford, Connecticut, about once a week and help out a couple of promoters named Crowley and Harris with their shows. There I had to double in brass by first announcing a fight and then seconding one of the principals. I'd hate to tell the present Boxing Commission what I was paid for this; but finally I caught on with the real thing.

The real thing was a little laundryman named Sam H. Harris, a great soul who later was to become famous as the theatrical partner of George Cohan. More by chance than desire, Harris found himself the manager of the greatest bantamweight and featherweight fighter of all the ages.

That fighter was born Joseph T. McGovern fifty-five years ago in Johnstown, Pennsylvania—not Brooklyn, as some of the fathead historians would have it. He picked up the Terry from a Brooklyn pitcher named Billy Terry (the original), McGovern having a yen to be a ballplayer.

But suddenly this Irish kid with no particular sense began to notice that every time he hit somebody in a street fight, they didn't get up.

"I never could figure it out," he used to tell me in later years. "I'd let a punch go, just like anybody else, and—pop!—the other guy would go out and stay out. After a while, of course, I got to expect it."

In the ring McGovern just couldn't miss—and he knew he couldn't. He knocked everybody on their dandruff, and by the time he had taken part in his nineteenth fight he was the champion of two classes. He beat the great George Dixon for the title at 118 pounds, and then turned to bigger game, being at the time bantam- and featherweight champion. The next stop was Frank Erne, the lightweight champion. It was to be a handicap match. "Ringside, 128 pounds," was Harris's ultimatum to Erne.

The lightweight limit in those days was 133 pounds ringside, but Erne had no particular kick coming, since McGovern never did better than 118 for any of his fights.

It looked like we had made a bad match when McGovern was clipped on the chin in one of the early rounds and was down there in the splinters. I guess Sam and I were hurt worse than he was. Anyhow, he got up, settled himself solidly, and punched his way to the bell.

"'S all right," he mumbled between rounds. "Don't worry about me. You worry about *him*"—nodding across toward the confident Erne in the other corner.

BEFORE the next round was a minute old we *were* worrying about Erne. The man was a sight. One punch broke his nose and spread it out like a road map. The third round finished him. He tried to grab, but Terry pulled out of his clutch, stepped back, feinted beautifully, and drove a God-awful right to the heart.

That was the end. No need of a count. Erne lay there until we came and got him, all of us a little bit scared by this time. We thought he was never going to move again.

Another slaughter was perpetrated when the clever English champion, Pedlar Palmer, was imported to face McGovern up in Tuckahoe, New York. The result was the quickest knockout on record for championship fights, one minute and three seconds, as I recall it. There were even *two* knockouts, if you want to be technical.

After that McGovern had the Terrible Terry name hung on him and anything he wanted was his for the asking. A committee of the greatest fight experts in the country even made it official, voting him the best fighter, pound for pound and inch for inch, in the world.

That mightn't mean so much today, but we had truly great champions in every class then.

At that, the vote would have been a tie if Fitzsimmons had beaten Jim Jeffries. But he didn't—and I think that one's worth telling about.

Fitz, trained to a split second, was in his quarters two nights before the fight, standing benignly at the head of his own family table, ready to serve a platter of lamb stew. Always a nervous, sensitive man, he was more on edge than ever now, with the fight so close, but for some reason he seemed to be in a mellow mood.

Maybe this was inspired by the sight of his compact little family group. Ranging down the table were Martin Julian, his manager; Rose Julian, his wife; Theo Julian, his sister-in-law; and Yank Kenny, his sparring partner.

Fitz was famished. "Um," said he. "That smells good!"

"Yes," said Theo Julian, who was always at swords' points with this famous relative by marriage. "Yes, and it's entirely too good for the likes of you!"

For a moment there was a shocked silence. Then, with a bellow of rage, he smashed the platter down on the table, a spot of the gravy landing on Kenny's upper lip. It was all he got of the coveted stew.

As for Fitz, he rushed from the house—it was down at Bath Beach, on New York's lower bay—and wasn't found for six hours. By that time he had left his fight, not on the road but beside the bar.

Two nights later, June 9, 1899, he left his heavyweight championship in the custody of another great fighter, James J. Jeffries.

Amazing disclosures by Joe Humphreys concerning four of the greatest fights in ring history—the McGovern-Corbett, Gans-Nelson, Jeffries-Johnson, and Johnson-Willard fights—await you in an early issue of Liberty.

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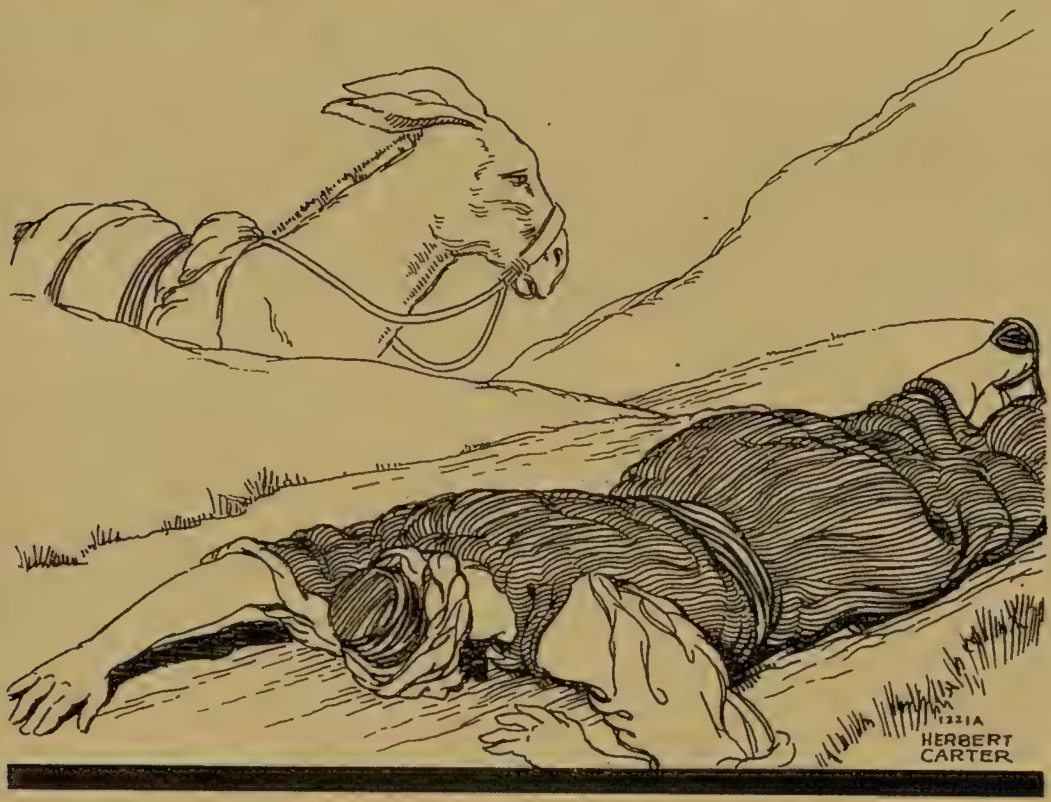

The verse represented by picture No. 9 is:

Verse No. .... Chapter No. .... Book ....
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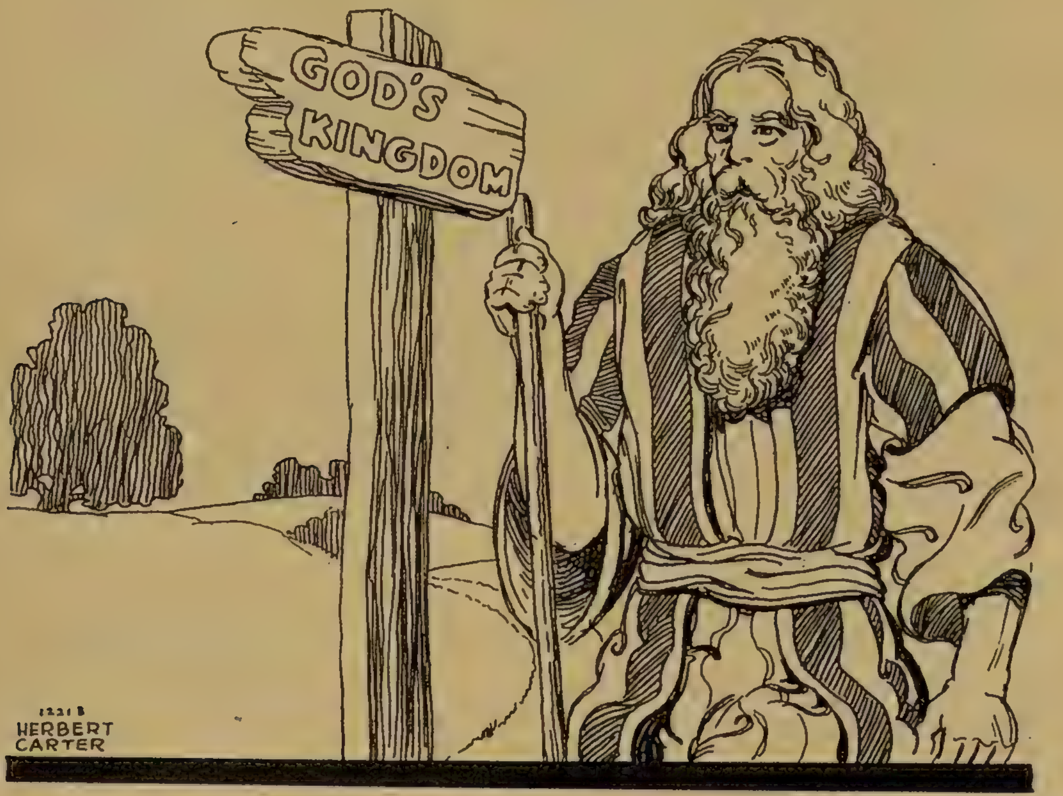

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LATE-ENTRY OFFER!

If you are just entering the game and have given away or mislaid the copies of Liberty containing the first eight pictures, mail a request for free reprints to the contest address in Rule 3. Upon their arrival you can bring your entry even with the field. No requests for late-entry reprints will be filled after December 20.

READ THIS SCHEDULE OF CASH AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
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THE SIMPLE RULES

1. Liberty's Bible Game consists of sixteen pictures. Two will be published each week. Contestants are to choose the most appropriate verses for these pictures *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the King James Bible, or *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the Douay Bible (not from both), contained in a booklet entitled The Condensed Bible, and give the verse designations in the spaces on the answer blanks provided for this purpose. Verses in complete editions of the King James and Douay Bibles that do not appear in the Condensed Bible will not be considered. Copies of the Condensed Bible have been presented to public libraries throughout the United States, where they can be conveniently consulted. Entrants who want the Condensed Bible for home use can buy a copy through Liberty for 25 cents postpaid. Only United States money orders or currency are acceptable.

2. The prize schedule appears above. The entrant submitting the most appropriate verse-answers for the sixteen pictures accompanied by the best statement of 250 or less words telling " What religion means to me " will receive first prize. Statements will be judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness. The entrants submitting the next most appropriate verse-answers and next best statements will be given the remaining prizes in the order of their excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. Elaborate entries are not desired.

3. The sixteen pictures and answer blanks, or reasonably traced or drawn facsimiles thereof, with solutions and statements must be submitted by first-class mail at one time, as a unit, with contestants' names and addresses, by Wednesday, January 22, 1936. All entries are to be addressed to Bible Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

4. Entrants may submit as many complete units of pictures, answer blanks, and solutions as they wish, but only one prize will be awarded any one person.

5. Every one is eligible except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

6. The members of Liberty's Contest Board will be the judges. Their decisions will be final and entrants take part with this understanding.

7. The Bible Game is nonsectarian. Hence Liberty will not interpret verses, publicize sectarian views, or engage in correspondence on these subjects or any other phase of the contest.

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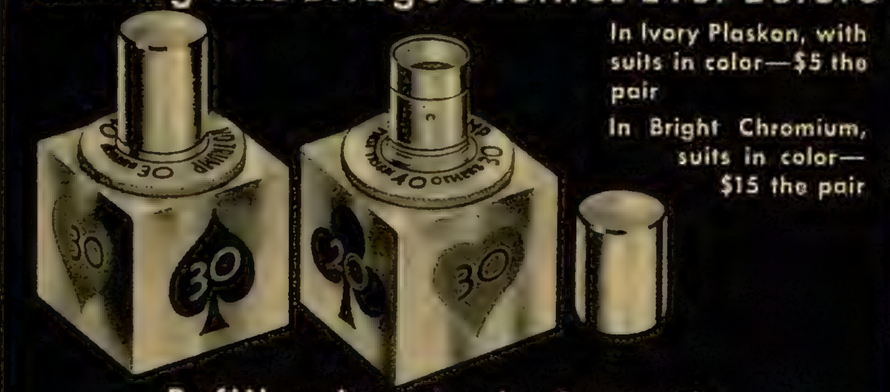

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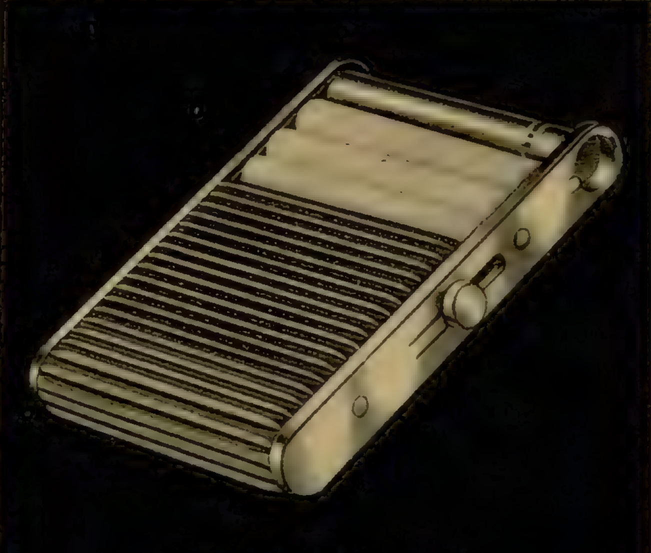

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CONCLUDING

The PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY Story

AN EXCITING NOVEL OF A MAN, A PROBLEM, AND FIVE MILLION DOLLARS

•

PLOT BY

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

PART SIX—THE FINAL TEST

by JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

WHEN Charlotte heard Jim's voice on the telephone and knew that the man she loved wasn't dead after all, she was as happy as possible under the circumstances. That is, she was appalled. In good faith she had spread the suspicions which had started Ilka toward the electric chair; but if Jim was alive, his wife obviously hadn't murdered him, the case against Ilka would collapse, and Charlotte would have some explaining to do. Under the rush of joy at the miracle of his voice, she called out his name, but immediately felt, to her surprise, a little resentment. Nothing mattered, of course, so long as he lived—but somehow she had been tricked.

She wanted to think it was Ilka's fault. With the receiver in her hand, and with Jim at the other end of the line—

" I had to call—you must listen—I need you! "

" Darling! " She hadn't meant to say that.

" Are you alone? May I come at once? "

" No." She hadn't meant to say that either, but Ilka was controlling her unconsciously. If Ilka, freed from jail and hot for revenge, learned that Jim had visited her apartment—

The voice had a sudden wound in it: " I'm sorry. I supposed—but I had no right, of course. You're the only friend who can help me! "

" Jim, there's no one here, but you might be seen coming or going," Charlotte said. " I was thinking of you! "

" How about the office? "

" I'll be there. When? "

" Now."

She caught a taxi for speed, but the machine seemed to crawl. The lights were slow in changing; trucks would come around corners and get stalled; pedestrians developed malicious skill in crossing against signals. If she could only reach him—see him for herself—be sure!

The tantalizing ride put Ilka out of her mind. Jim was alive! She loved him! The taxi was slow!

When she left the elevator and found the office, the

Story told by
RUPERT HUGHES
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
ANTHONY ABBOT
RITA WEIMAN
S. S. VAN DINE
JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES
MONTGOMERY
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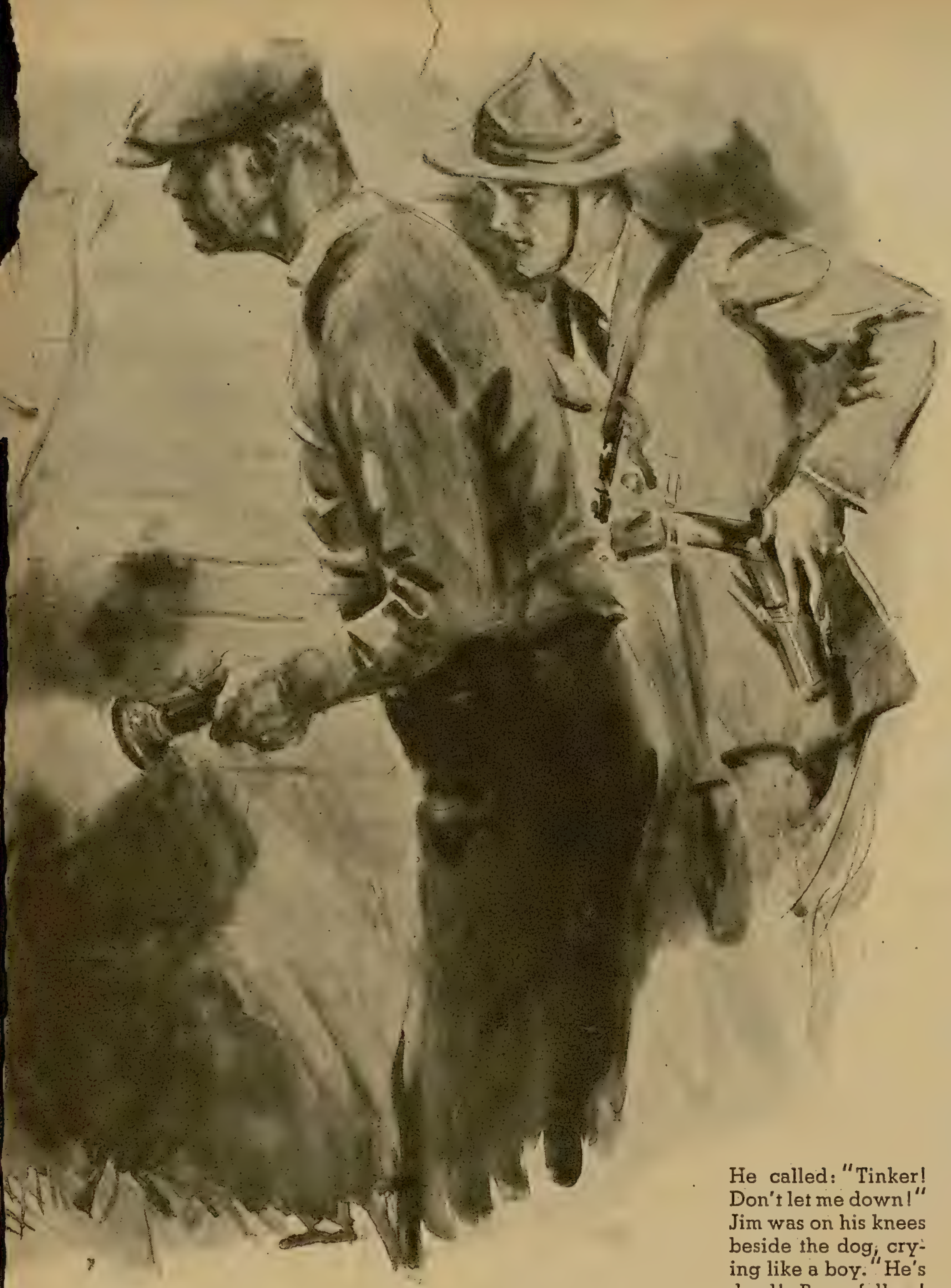

He called: "Tinker! Don't let me down!" Jim was on his knees beside the dog, crying like a boy. "He's dead! Poor fellow! He's dead!" He put a hand on the body.

rooms were lighted and the door was open. Her old world again! There was her desk, the secretary's desk where she had begun. She might pull up the typewriter now, get out the pad and the pencils. Or she could step to the door, half down the little corridor, and seat herself at her other desk—the junior partner's, the woman lawyer's. How much she had learned, and not only about law! Was he waiting for her at his own desk at the corridor's end?

The footstep sounded familiar. It made her catch her breath, and she stood quite still. A strange man came toward her—paused. Not Jim.

Those high yet stooping shoulders, that unathletic figure, those weak eyes with the heavy glasses— Charlotte had fought off an impulse to faint when the voice came to her over the telephone, but in this second shock there was a threat. If Jim were safe, if he weren't crippled, he would come running to her. She knew he would. Here was a messenger with bad news—perhaps a doctor.

"You have an appointment with Mr. Blake?" That voice was oddly familiar, so was the face, but in her excitement Charlotte couldn't place them.

"He called me only a few minutes ago." She would have fallen except for the desk to lean against.

Her weakness, plainly revealed, gave the man obvious satisfaction. He took off his glasses, straightened up, began to smile. It was very like Jim's smile, but the shoulders were still high and seemed narrow, and aside from the smile it wasn't Jim's face.

"Charlotte! You don't know me?"

How could the man imitate Jim's voice?

"Don't be frightened. It's really — I'm just changed, that's all."

To hear him say it, in that comforting confident tone, was enough to make her rush toward him and throw her arms about his neck. For a moment she held him; then her body shook with what he supposed were sobs of joy.

"I'm so sorry!" she cried.

He pushed her away from him to look at her. "You mean you're sorry—I came back?"

She laughed hysterically. "When you wanted me before, I should have said yes! I wanted to say yes! If I had given you the sympathy you asked then—"

"But I understood. If I didn't trust you now, would I turn to you for help?"

She clung to him again for a moment. Then, with a woman's inclination to enjoy the flavor of unexpected happiness by reviewing the unpleasant past:

"Why did you go away without telling me all about it? Why have you made yourself so—so queer? I loved you the way you were."

Snapshot of Vernon Palmer, Caribou, Maine

I USE MY CAR ALL YEAR 'ROUND

Gentlemen:

Up here in Aroostook County, Maine, I use my car Winter and Summer. I've noticed that a lot of folks miss the full use of their cars in Winter because they spend their time worrying about the weather, instead of enjoying it.

I don't have to worry, because I always change to Quaker State Winter Oil before the first cold snap. Even though the car has been out-of-doors all night, and I find it in the morning covered with snow—it starts without any trouble. I give the credit to Quaker State. Here's why!

I've put 52,298 miles on this car, using Quaker State, and I've never paid out one penny for motor repairs. Can I ask for any better performance? I should say not!

Very truly yours,

Vernon Palmer

"First choice of Experience"

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Retail Price . . . 35c per quart

Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

He led her down the corridor, with his arm around her shoulder, toward his office, and took his old place at his desk, with Charlotte in the deep chair he kept for visitors.

“I was escaping from Ilka. She—she loved some one else. She wanted to kill me.”

“Of course she did,” said Charlotte wryly. “A very unpleasant woman. When we thought you were dead, I told all I knew about her.”

“*You* caused her arrest?” he said.

“Yes—I hope I did!”

Jim Blake drew a long breath. “Well, that's why I came back. She didn't murder me, as you observe, and we must save her.”

“She'll be saved, all right—that kind always have luck. But she intended to kill you, didn't she? Jim—for a moment I thought you came back for love of me.”

He shook his head. “It was for love of you that I stayed away. She won't divorce me, not while I have a cent, and if I can't marry you, it's best to drop out of my world. That is, I did drop out—but now I must come back.”

She looked at him with that steady rebuke a loving woman can administer to a disappointing man. “For one moment I thought we had found each other and nothing could separate us again!”

JOHN ERSKINE

the author of The Private Life of Helen of Troy (1925) and other works of brilliant ironic imagination, was born in New York. He was graduated from Columbia in 1900, and taught there. His scholastic degrees are many. In 1919 he was made Educational Director of the A. E. F. University at Beaune, France. Besides his literary achievements, Mr. Erskine is an accomplished musician and president of the Juilliard School of Music.

He rose from his desk; strode up and down the little room; seated himself again. It had been so natural to turn to her in this crisis, as it would be in any crisis! She was inevitably his comrade. But he had sought her out now, only to dismiss her when Ilka should be saved. He hadn't foreseen it, but that would be the result. Ilka would be more stubborn than ever, conscious of having suffered injustice. If Charlotte had accused her to the law, Ilka would have one more motive for keeping him from his happiness.

“Do you know,” he said slowly, “I've a pretty bad heart. At this moment I could let her die.”

CHARLOTTE'S eyes were still steady on him, but the rebuke had disappeared. “You would do that for me—for us?”

He flushed a little red. “It's dastardly, but I could! I see no other hope of freedom.”

They sat there staring at each other, till she walked around the desk, leaned over and kissed him.

“We can't do it, Jim; but I'm glad you thought of it.”

He rose to clasp her again in his arms; but she pushed him gently away and returned to the deep chair.

“No, it's not to be, my dear. We'll go back to the wisdom we used to have. Now, how can we save Ilka?”

Jim leaned forward across the desk. If he seemed changed when she first saw him, the strain of these moments had aged him before her eyes; yet they had grown close together once more, as in the old days.

“She has a hearing before the Governor tomorrow morning at ten o'clock.”

“Albany?”

“Yes. We must get to the Governor before that hour.”

“Well, that's simple. Albany is only four hours away.”

He knew from her answer that she wondered why she was drawn into the case. She would not enjoy facing the Governor, still less testifying on Ilka's behalf, perhaps in Ilka's presence.

“I KNOW the Governor,” he said. “He remembers me—the old me. Unless you back me up, perhaps I can't convince him I'm still alive. I doubt if I could convince any one but you.”

A wan smile crept across her face as she realized the irony of his plight.

“You did your work well, didn't you! All that trouble to annihilate your former self. Now this task of resurrecting the corpse! Jim, what a mess!”

“Will you come with me to Albany?”

“I—I don't see how I could, Jim—not if you're going to be Jim Blake again. Once she knows you are alive, she'll try to get your money back. Then she'll let the world hear every detail of your disappearance and your transformation. She'll crush you by making you ridiculous. It's right for you to save her, of course; but you ought to handle it alone.”

“If I could! But you must identify me. If you won't come, she'll die.”

Charlotte studied the rug on the floor. “I forgot that. Let me see.”

She looked up quickly. “The Governor's a rather human sort of person, isn't he?”

“He used to be. He probably hasn't changed.”

“We ought to see him tonight.”

“At this hour?”

“We can charter a plane—I'll telephone the airport.”

She was lifting the receiver when his hand stopped her.

“Speak to the Governor first.”

She nodded, lifted the telephone, put in the call. They sat waiting.

“Tell him I'm here,” said Jim. “Perhaps I should speak to him?”

She shook her head. “Hello! Is this the Governor's office? . . . Well, could I speak to him? There's some way of reaching him, isn't there? . . . It's about Mrs. Blake—Mrs. Ilka Blake. . . . Yes—under death sentence. I am Miss Charlotte Hope, a lawyer. . . . No, I don't represent Mrs. Blake, but I've stumbled on some evidence which proves her innocent. . . . No, I'm in New York, but I'll come to Albany at once by plane if the Governor will see me. That's why I'm telephoning now. I must see him at once!"

She looked at Jim across the desk. "It doesn't sound encouraging. He says the Governor won't discuss the case before the hearing. But he's gone to find out."

Once more Blake rose and strode up and down the office. When the voice came over the telephone again, he stood still.

"Yes, that's right. Charlotte Hope—a woman lawyer. . . . No, not associated with the defense. Tell him I can clear the case absolutely."

She smiled up at Jim. "I do believe the Governor is weakening. That secretary begins to sound cordial."

Jim mopped his brow.

"Hello? . . . Yes? . . . He will see me? . . . Tell him I'm leaving for the airport at once—coming on a special plane."

Without losing a moment she let the telephone disconnect itself, then called the flying field.

"I'll arrange for a car to meet us at Albany," she said, smiling at Jim.

In spite of all their speed, it was a quarter of one when they entered the Governor's study. The secretary who received them asked them to wait a moment, and they looked around at old portraits and memorabilia of the state. This was the room in which Theodore Roosevelt had worked, and Charles Hughes, and Al Smith, and Franklin Roosevelt. Many a silly question brought to that massive desk had robbed fine men of their time, but tragic questions had come too. How many times had the Governor of the state been called upon to say whether a human being should die or live! To Charlotte and Jim, waiting there, it seemed that no other question in the long business of the state was worth remembering.

WHEN the Governor entered at last, they saw that he was tired. The late hour, after a hard day, had left heavy lines in his face. His tall gaunt frame stooped. He had been sitting up just for them; but he was a human person, as Jim had said, and he held out his hand to Charlotte with a winning courtesy. For the moment she forgot how difficult was the task before them.

"I would apologize for asking this great favor," she said, "if I didn't know you'd be glad to save that woman."

The Governor's face stiffened. "Did you come to ask me to save her?"

"No—to prove her innocent."

The Governor held out his hand to Jim.

"This," said Charlotte, "is James Blake."

The Governor stared at her, his hand still in the air. "What James Blake?"

"Ilka Blake's husband—the man she is accused of killing."

The Governor's hand dropped to his side and a bitter smile stole over his face. "I happen to have known Mr. Blake. This is not he."

"Governor!" Jim burst out. "I brought Miss Hope to identify me. I knew you would be baffled by the change. But, if you like, I'll begin by telling you when and where we met and what we talked about."

The Governor moved toward the door, as though to dismiss them. "Mrs. Blake's lawyers have tried to reach me by so many devices that I had supposed their ingenuity was exhausted. Mrs. Blake herself has told enough stories and of such variety as would exhaust any normal imagination. I admire this present audacity, but since the hour is late, I bid you good night."

Jim seated himself with apparent calmness on a leather-covered couch. "Governor, I came to tell you my story; and since my wife's life is at stake, I don't intend to leave until you've listened to me. I'll put all the evidence before you; I'll tell you where you can check it up when there is more time; and I'll ask Miss Hope to supply certain corroborating facts."

"This is quite absurd!" said the Governor. "All that you intend to tell me has been supplied, of course, by Mrs. Blake or by her lawyers. No doubt Miss Hope will back you up in every syllable. You are two impostors! The mark of untruth was on this adventure of yours from the first. Miss Hope telephoned my office—that is, if she was the one who spoke—and said she was bringing conclusive evidence. She said nothing about you. Now that you both are here, you say you brought her along to substantiate parts of your story."

"There's no contradiction, Governor. I'm Miss Hope's evidence."

"I am sorry."

"Governor, won't you hear me for five minutes? I ask no more. What I must tell you will sound strange, but I can prove it true!"

THERE was something in his cry that caught the interest of the tall tired man. With lifted eyebrows, skeptical but resigned, he slumped into the chair at the desk.

"Five minutes. Go ahead."

"In a word," said Jim, speaking fast, "my wife and I didn't get on. She hated me but liked my money. I hadn't much use for her after I really made her acquaintance. She had one lover, perhaps others besides. At least once, perhaps more often, she plotted to kill me."

The Governor wrinkled his brow. "Which side are you pleading on?"

"I'm telling you the whole truth. When I found out what she was, I wanted a divorce, of course; but she wouldn't give it to me. Rather than enter a mud-slinging contest with such a creature, I decided to disappear. With the help of a great surgeon and with the aid of other

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scientists, I destroyed my old personality, at least on the outside, and I created a new one. For some time I have been enjoying a peaceful existence beyond reach of my wife. My name has been Francis X. Carter."

The Governor looked sharply at him. "I've heard that name before."

"I purchased it," said Jim, "from a man who is now dead."

The Governor laughed. "Fantastic!"

Jim pushed on. "Before I left I settled two million dollars on my wife, and I carried off with me five million in cash. If you will put the case over to a date which will give you plenty of time for a thorough inquiry, you can retrace every step of what I've done."

"You mean, if we called in the bankers who furnished you with five million in cash—assuming for a moment that they did—you are sure they would recognize you?"

Jim was silent.

The Governor rose. "Your five minutes are up, Mr. Carter."

"Wait! I can produce the money!"

"My impression," said the Governor, "has been that Mrs. Blake could produce it at any moment. I'm not surprised that she now sends it through you."

"I can write his signature!" cried Jim.

"Whose?"

"James Blake's—my own!"

"You spoke of it correctly as *his*," said the Governor. "Any forger could do as much. I suppose your fingerprints have been altered? I thought so."

The Governor turned away in disgust, and the expression on his face did not brighten when his eye fell on Charlotte, standing there motionless.

"In this rigmarole, young lady, what part are you expected to play?"

"He *is* James Blake. I came to say I know he is."

"How do you know?"

"We were partners for several years—"

"And still are, I fancy!"

"He called me up on the telephone tonight, and though I had thought him dead, I recognized his voice."

"When did you first see him?"

"He was waiting in his office. I went there at once."

"And you recognized him?"

Her voice shook a little. "Not at first, but after he had talked—"

"This isn't evidence. I must insist that you leave this minute!"

Jim did not rise. When the Governor looked at him sharply, the man on the couch was gripping his hands together in agony.

"When you knew me before, Governor, we used to talk about one hobby we happen to share."

The Governor was silent.

"Do you recall," said Jim, "what that hobby was?"

"I seriously doubt," said the Governor, "if we ever met."

"We used to talk about dogs," said Jim. "And if you think my wife passed on that information to an accomplice who is now trying to deceive you, then you don't know my wife! She hates dogs."

"That fact," said the Governor, "clarifies the case as little as the other things you've said."

JIM walked over to him eagerly. "Come down to Southampton with me in my plane *now!*"

The look on the Governor's face showed he was revising his opinion of Jim. Not a crook but a lunatic.

"If you'd rather not come alone, Governor, bring along your secretary. The best dog I ever had is still there, blind with age but a thoroughbred to the last."

"I'd enjoy seeing your dog," said the Governor gently, "at another time."

"But he must speak for me *now!*" cried Jim. "That dog will know me, and *you* know dogs, Governor! You know whether they can be fooled. His name's Tinker. We'll go to the kennels, and you'll call his name, then your secretary will call, and then I'll try. You'll bear me out, Governor. My wife couldn't bribe a good dog!"

The weariness vanished from the Governor's face. What came into his look was partly the instinct of a true dog lover, partly the primitive zest for a man hunt.

"I don't believe you're James Blake," said he. "I think you intruded upon my time tonight just to delay the process of the law. Yet I was willing to let you go unpunished. There's enough shabbiness in this case already; but now that you insist on getting into trouble, I'll call the bluff. I won't take my secretary—I'll take one of the state police. I know where Mr. Blake lived. When we reach the landing field the officer will see that you and this young woman pass on no hints to your confederates. I'll find the dog myself and make some inquiries. If the dog seems to recognize you, I still don't promise to be convinced. If it fails to know you, we'll detain you and this woman in jail till we find out who you are and who sent you."

"I'm satisfied with that."

"When did you see the dog last?"

"Before I went away—before I was changed."

"That's as it may be. If you haven't seen the dog all this time, how do you know it's still there?"

Jim faltered. "It is—unless she killed it."

"Tinker is alive," interrupted Charlotte. "I asked the caretaker about him."

THE GOVERNOR turned on her. "Then *you're* the one who keeps in touch with Mrs. Blake!"

She answered in a tone as sharp as his: "I'm the one who first accused her."

The Governor studied them both for a long moment. Then he pressed a button on his desk and the secretary came to the door.

"I want my heavy coat and a soft hat. Ask Captain Murray to come with me."

When the trooper appeared, the Governor led the party off with only a brief word to his secretary. He had taken command of the expedition, and Charlotte and Jim followed, submissive. The trooper was used to unexpected errands and showed no emotion of any kind.

The Governor's car took them to the field, where, to Charlotte's surprise, they boarded a plane of the trooper's choosing. She glanced at Jim for an explanation.

"The Governor doesn't trust us," he said, with a smile. "He wants his own pilot. He prefers not to be kidnaped."

The Governor refused to be embarrassed. "I certainly do not trust you."

Jim smiled back pleasantly. "Tinker has a heavy responsibility!"

The Governor returned the smile. "He has!"

At such a moment Charlotte would have expected to find no interest in the lights far below them. The tension of that night had been more than enough for ordinary nerves, and she wanted to be alone with herself, to think—to grow accustomed to what had happened, to plan the next move if Tinker failed them. But even in the plane speeding thousands of feet above the river she could not find escape from the beauty of the world below. Here and there patterns of light marked town streets or village roads: Kingston—Newburgh—Poughkeepsie—Tarrytown. Were all those human beings safe asleep? Would they wake up to secure days? Had the men found the women they loved, and was Jim an exception? Was she the only girl who had found her man, yet could never have him?

No word was said till they crossed the Sound and made a small landing field near the Blake estate. Jim hadn't pointed out the way. He wondered whether the Governor, putting on his hat and coat, had spoken to the secretary, and whether the secretary had warned the pilot while they were driving to the plane.

"Now, Murray," said the Governor, with a step down to the ground, "you will escort this lady and gentleman a few paces behind me, and there will be no conversation at any time."

In the darkness he led the way quickly along a quiet lane, turning to right or left as though he were familiar with the district, but after a while he stopped suddenly and turned to Jim.

"I've lost the way. How should we go?"

Jim pointed quickly to the right, and they started off again, walking faster as they came near the place. To

Charlotte it was a queer nightmare, to turn in through the familiar gate so escorted, to hear the crunch of the gravel under their feet, to see the outline of the tragic house come out of the darkness. The caretaker was long in answering the bell.

"Being a watchman," said the Governor, "he may be asleep!"

But when the man answered finally, he was alert enough, flashing a strong electric lamp in the Governor's face. On the edge of the light they could see the barrel of a pistol.

"This place belongs to Mr. Blake, doesn't it?"

"It did."

"Where does he keep his dogs?"

Flashlight and pistol came a little closer to the Governor. "Who are you?"

"The Governor of the state."

The flashlight sprayed his face this way and that. "Oh, it's the Governor, is it? I thought it might be the late Emperor of Roossia."

Jim enjoyed the Governor's attempt to identify himself.

"I am the Governor, and I have just come from Albany by plane."

"All the way from Albany, is it? Three quarters through the night to ask about the dogs?"

"I admit it's surprising," said the Governor. "What will astonish you more, I've brought Mr. Blake with me."

"Now that would be clever of you, that would!"

"Patrick!" cried Charlotte. "It *is* Mr. Blake! He's alive!"

THE caretaker aimed his flash at her. "For the love of heaven, Miss Hope!"

"Look at him, Patrick!"

The caretaker picked out the state trooper.

"No; the other man, Patrick!"

The flashlight examined them all, and the pistol end seemed to grow menacing.

"Are you in trouble, Miss Hope, with these strangers? I'm minded to fire just for luck!"

"We came to see Tinker," said the Governor. "If you trust Miss Hope, she can assure you."

"Shall I let him in?" asked Patrick.

"Take us to the stables," said Charlotte. "It's Tinker we want to see."

With some misgivings, Pat came out of the door and motioned them along toward the kennels. It was evidently his wish to bring up the rear.

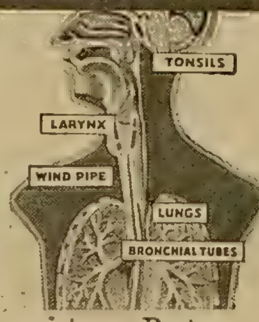
"I know the way, Governor," said Charlotte, leading off.

When she stumbled in the dark, the Governor caught her arm, then offered his for the rest of the way. He hoped she hadn't stumbled intentionally.

"The dog is very ill," called Pat. "You'll be sorry to see the state he's in."

"Oh, Pat, don't tell me!" cried Charlotte. "The poor thing!"

"It's dying he is, I'm afraid. I was out taking a look at him when



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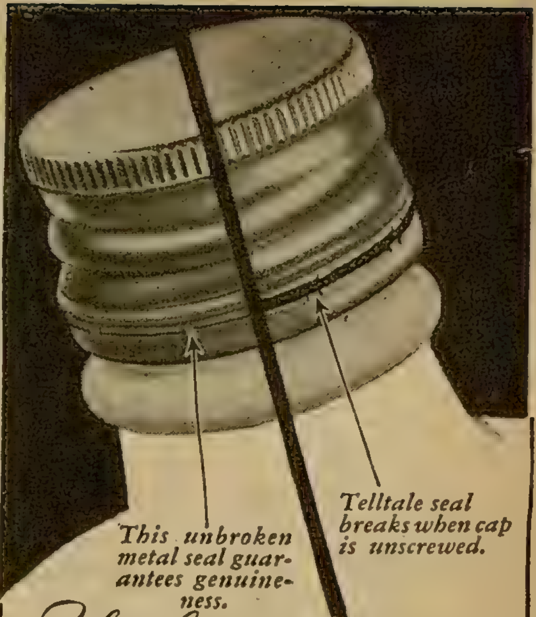
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this friend of yours rang the bell."

"If we have come too late!" she said to the Governor almost in a whisper.

On a bed of straw in the corner of a box stall lay the old dog, breathing heavily. As they stirred toward him he growled but did not get to his feet.

"How do you feel now, Tinker, old man?" asked Pat.

The dog whimpered.

"He's paralyzed, poor feller," said Pat. "He hasn't moved for days."

"Tinker!" said the Governor. "Tinker, old boy!"

Tinker did not move a hair.

"You're next, Murray," said the Governor.

"How is it with you, Tinker?" asked the trooper in a deep voice. "Tinker! Tinker, I say!"

"That'll do," said the Governor. "Now let's have the demonstration."

Jim leaned over the dog. "Tinker!"

For all the response he got, the dog might have been carved in stone. He called louder: "Tinker! Don't let me down!"

They waited as though expecting an answer. Then the Governor turned to Murray. "Do you want him back in Albany, or shall we go over to New York?"

Jim was on his knees beside the dog, crying like a boy. "He's dead! Poor fellow! He's dead!" He put a hand on the limp body in an old habit of caress.

The dog leaped to its feet and began licking his face in frenzied joy. Then, as though some one had put a shot through its heart, fell dead.

In the stable the five waited in an appalled silence. Then the Governor put his hand on Jim's shoulder. "Blake, I'll take his word for it."

When they returned to the plane, the Governor walked with his arm through Jim's.

"The best thing to do," he said, "is to grant a pardon on the simple ground that I'm satisfied no crime has been committed. That keeps you out of the limelight, doesn't it?"

Jim sighed.

"Isn't that what you wanted?" asked the Governor.

"Quite. I'll never cease to thank you."

"Well, it leaves you free, anyway."

"Free?"

"Free as the air," said the Governor. "You can even marry now, if you have a taste for more excitement."

"Bigamy?"

"No! Ilka isn't your wife."

Jim tried to make sense of the words.

"We went into her past rather thoroughly," said the Governor. "She has a husband in Warsaw. Undivorced. She tricked you from the start. This young woman here seems to be a different kind. I wish you luck!"

Jim glanced at him, startled.

"Oh, I've got eyes!" said the Governor, smiling.

In the tumult of his emotions a sudden memory took hold of Jim.

"When I bought Carter's name, I promised first of all to look up his lost sister and his nephew. I must—"

"Oh, marry the girl first!" said the Governor. "She deserves it. Well, here's the plane. Where do you want us to set you down?"

"I think," said Jim, "we'll stay here. It seems to be my home."

A man and a woman alone in the air field watched the lights of the ship disappear into the sky.

It was their first lovers' kiss.

THE END

HOW CAN A MAN DISAPPEAR WITH $5,000,000 AND NOT BE TRACED?

This is the problem for a mystery story presented by President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Six leading storytellers—Rupert Hughes, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Anthony Abbot, Rita Weiman, S. S. Van Dine, and John Erskine—have attempted an answer in six issues of Liberty, the sixth of which appears today.

Do you think that these top-notch authors have been successful in their solution of a most difficult plot? If you feel they have failed, there is a first-rate chance for you to show them how and why. Get into the game and see how good you are. Here are the rules to guide you in entering your own solution to the problem posed by the President:

1. To compete, after you have read all of the story as the six famous authors have fashioned it, see if you can find a better way to solve the problem posed by President Roosevelt: "If you had five million dollars and wanted to disappear and take your money with you so that no one could ever trace you, how would you do it?"
2. All entries must be written on one side of the paper only. Typewritten, double spaced, is best, but pen-and-ink entries will be accepted. Use as many words as you require to state your solution clearly.
3. Solutions will be judged on the basis of plausibility, probability, and logic. On this basis Liberty will pay a first prize of $500 for the best entry, $250 for the next best, and $100 each for the five next best solutions. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. The judges will be the editorial staff of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decision as final.
4. All prize-winning solutions will become the property of Liberty Magazine for publication whenever desired. No entries will be returned.
5. Write your name and address on the upper left-hand corner of the first page of your entry.
6. Send your entry flat by first-class mail to President's Mystery Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries must be received on or before Friday, January 3, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

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Watch Next Week's Liberty for Another Announcement

TEARFUL, TOPICAL, TUNEFUL

A Wistful Romance of the South Brings Dreamlike Charm to the Screen; Our Latest Scourge Is Gaily Lampooned, and Radio Sends Two New Gifts to Filmland

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary	3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good	1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor	

★ ★ ★ SO RED THE ROSE

THE PLAYERS: Margaret Sullavan, Walter Connolly, Randolph Scott, Janet Beecher, Elizabeth Patterson, Harry Ellerbe, Dickie Moore, Robert Cummings, Charles Starrett, Johnny Downs, Daniel Haynes, Clarence Muse. Directed by King Vidor. Story by Stark Young.

THERE is a rich perfume of magnolia pervading Paramount's production of So Red the Rose. Stark Young's sentimental best seller comes to the screen in a frankly romanticized version of the old South in the heady days of the Civil War. And while it is taken with the pretty—rather than realistic—aspects of the bloody business, the film is imbued with a quaint old-fashioned charm that affords a great deal of naïve pleasure. For this is not a story about those days—it is a story *of* them.

Margaret Sullavan is superb as the coquettish flower of the old plantation. Her arch coyness and stilted flirtations are done with just that touch of burlesque to give the character distinction. The background—crooning plantation slaves, mint-julep-drinking gentlemen, and the elegant young dandies—is painted through the misty kindliness of time. Perhaps this isn't the early South as actually it was, but it's a charming picture of how most of us imagine it.

The story, which is commendable in its lack of handsome spies and brothers shooting brothers, is an enjoyably wistful affair. Exquisitely photographed, it tells what befell the prosperous Bedford plantation, of the havoc which comes riding to it on the heels of the war. The heart of the plot concerns Miss Sullavan's love for Randy Scott, the only member of the community to stay at home. But at last even the peace-loving Mr. Scott drops his principles and picks up a rifle.

Randolph Scott and Margaret Sullavan in So Red the Rose.

While the fighting, somewhere out of camera range, continues, So Red the Rose discloses the sad disintegration of the plantation. The (damn) Yankees sweep the countryside. Walter Connolly, the master of the estate, quietly dies. The slaves, hearing vague rumors of an Abraham Lincoln, refuse to work. As a final blow, the lovely old manse is burned to the ground.

None of this is as brutal as it sounds. It is, instead, somehow very gently moving, as if a dream. There is a feeling about So Red the Rose that grandpa is telling it all. The film is excellently directed by the brilliant King Vidor, and as the performances of the entire cast are uniformly effective, you'd better bring a handkerchief. Might have an ice-cream soda later.

VITAL STATISTICS: They recreated the old, old, old Saouth up around Malibu Lake. Enormous lawns, mint beds, cotton, tobacco, and battlefields were fashioned; 200 "slaves" were imported from Los Angeles's Harlem; a huge rambling mansion, 300 by 75 ft., was built and razed by fire as per script directions. Had they waited, the actual $9,000,000 blaze that later swept Malibu and environs would have done it for them and spared them the trouble. . . . Soft-spoken Texan King Vidor expects the worst and then gets the best. Dresses entirely in black on the stages for inconspicuosity. Finds it hard to direct Negroes, as they tend to laugh at serious things. Gave them such a talk on slavery before this one, they cried before they went to it. Vidor's been married three times, now solidly to Betty Hill, ex-script gal. . . . Related to Robt. E. Lee, Margaret Sullavan of No'folk, Virginia, suh, had to relearn her cottonmouth accent for this role, she's been in Damyankia that long. Divorced from Henry (Shucks) Fonda, her marriage to Director Wm. Wyler looks as if it was in for a long run. She apologized to artistic Clarence Muse for three sound slaps a script scene called for. . . . There are plenty of real Suthin accents in the cast but nary a you-all! . . . Elizabeth Patterson wanted the part of Mary Cherry so badly she traipsed to the Coast with a clipping written by ex-drama critic Stark Young telling how good she'd been in The Solid South. Arguing landed her the part. Born in Savannah, Tennessee, but eight miles from Shiloh, she took particular pleasure in her line, "Take a shot at that redheaded Sherman for me!" . . . Dan'l Haynes is a Syracuse grad; expects to retire some day and preach the Episcopalian faith. . . . Randy Scott's got 12,000 letters from hoss-opry fans urging him to go back to shootin' up pizen critters in Westerns. Are they rabid-minded!

★ ★ ½ IN PERSON

THE PLAYERS: Ginger Rogers, George Brent, Alan Mowbray, Grant Mitchell, Samuel S. Hinds, Joan Breslau, Louis Mason. Directed by William Seiter. Story by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

EXCEPT that a few credulous people are going to demand their money back when they don't see the streamlined Ginger Rogers in the flesh, her latest picture, In Person, will cause no trouble. It's a slight and likable little thing that shows how one movie star overcame a fear of America's latest scourge, autograph hunters.

In this playful concoction Miss Rogers grows to be so frightened of crowds that she disguises in a make-up that evens the score by scaring the wits out of every one else. Among the people this bucktoothed bewigged gal goes about startling is George Brent, who somehow, to his own amazement, learns that he is to take her for a vacation in the country. Once alone with the movie star, it

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WORTH LOOKING FOR

does not take the snoopy Mr. Brent long to learn her identity. When Miss Rogers's co-star, played by the always enjoyable Alan Mowbray, arrives at the mountain cabin, complications ensue. These are complications, however, that no one—least of all the audience—take seriously.

But the story does provide a full supply of laughs, and as the principals never allow it to sag, In Person is pleasing fluff. The plot lets Miss Rogers cavort nimbly through an informal and catchy dance number and it gives her a chance to exercise her splendid comedy talents. Both Brent and Mowbray offer capable support and William Seiter's swift direction keeps the silly business rolling along.

VITAL STATISTICS: Despite his sixty-odd years, crabapple-cheeked Samuel Hopkins Adams still manages to turn out bits like It Happened One Night and The Gorgeous Hussy; play a slam-bang game of handball; run a model farm at Auburn, New York. . . . Tricky title designed as a yokel trap. . . . Where others sing in the tub, Ginger Rogers dances in the shower—not without bruises. Rogers is her stepdad's name, her own father dying when she was but five. I'm told she's the Typical American Girl and being born in Independence, Missouri, accounts for her femininity with spirit. Started as a piano thumper, but switched to toe thumping after her first recital, no audience ever regretting it. This is her first solo starring vehic. She was twenty-three July 16; she gets about 10,000 fan raves a month and $1,750 a week; prefers slacks and sweaters; has much pep; spent first evening with husband Lew Ayres in a theater during an earthquake. Their marriage has quieted things down. She's home-movie bugs now. . . . In 1918, after four and a half years in France with Britain's Old Contemptibles, for which five medals, Alan Mowbray dropped into a London theater to watch a friend rehearse The Cinderella Man. Mistaken for the friend, who hadn't yet arrived, he was asked what salary he wanted. As a gag he took the job—his friend, when he did turn up, insisting. He's been at it ever since. Mowbray aviates; is a commercial wirelesser; plays British lords as slickly as he played G. Washington for G. Arliss's A. Hamilton in his film debut. . . . Though George Brent, Garbo's canoeing pal and Ruth Chatterton's ex, carried dispatches for the Irish revolutionist Michael Collins and was driven to America by the Black and Tans, all is forgiven and he may now dash to London freely. . . . Grant Mitchell looks like a cross section of The Players of Gramercy Park crossed with the Yale Club crossed with a statue of Blackstone; while Louis Mason was practically born in a hillbilly jug in Danville, Kentucky, and has played dunce boys in Lulu Vollmer moonshine drammy.

★ ★ STARS OVER BROADWAY

THE PLAYERS: Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir, Jane Froman, James Melton, Frank McHugh, William Ricciardi, Marie Wilson, Eddie Conrad, Frank Fay, E. E. Clive, Phil Regan. Directed by William Keighley. Story by Mildred Cram.

STARS OVER BROADWAY, Warners' radio tunefilm, introduces two new screen performers, but there are no outstanding innovations in the story which presents them. James Melton and Jane Froman are the radio stars who take their bows in the somewhat familiar doings. Miss Froman, who has no part in the plot, sings a couple of ditties, and voices them with an easy winning charm. Mr. Melton sings too, but—unfortunately for him—he has quite an important role in the story. And his boyish pep and good nature are not enough to disguise that he is no actor.

Even seasoned actors like Pat O'Brien and Jean Muir are at a loss trying to give Stars Over Broadway life. O'Brien is the down-and-out slicker who discovers the down-and-out crooning Mr. Melton. Under O'Brien's management the warbler becomes a sensation, but with success come wine, women, and no time for new songs. So the boys break up and the way Stars Over Broadway brings them together again will not quite have you sitting on the edge of your seat.

Frank McHugh is an amiable respite from the plot, while O'Brien plays with his usual quiet effectiveness. For that matter, Stars Over Broadway does have its moments—both melodic and humorous. But there are not enough of them, I'm afraid, to let you forget that you've seen it all many times before.

VITAL STATISTICS: Director William Keighley puts away his G-men "typewriters" and fingerprint gimmicks and does his first musical. . . . This one started as a modest musical, had elaborate dance routines tossed in as after-act, Warners sensing in middle of shooting they had something. As 'twas, one entire hip-weaving routine—with a summer excursion boatload of chorines and more steps than the D. C. Capitol—had to be thrown out because it didn't fit into the plot. . . . Radio stars James (Sonnyboy) Melton and Jane (Toots) Froman debut herein. For a tenor James is no weakling, having played football, albeit indifferently, for Georgia, Florida, and Vanderbilt—wherever he could support himself best while working his way through college. James is married to a nonpro; is cuh-razy about Hollywood; got $30,000 for this appearance; makes about $2,000 per broadcast; will return to play the Red Shadow in a remake of The Desert Song. . . . Jane Froman's married to actor Donald Ross, but on her arrival in Hollywood was promptly married by Los Angeles "smart" reporters to James Melton. She's a U. of Mo. journalism grad, a Cincinnati Conservatory of Musickaler. . . . Jean Muir is way out of the $60-a-week class she started filming at; is practically George Walcott's for eternity; aspires through her Tingel-Tangel Workshop Theater to the Eva Le Gallienneship of the Western World. . . . Marie Wilson debuts, too. She's nineteen, of Los Angeles, blonde, and has a comic gift described by her press agents as intelligent dumbness. Suggested no doubt by the motto: It's smart to be dumb this year! . . . Jack Dempsey's restaurant's duped in opening sequences, and Jack himself does a walk through as a gag, taking no money for it. . . . Two years ago William Ricciardi lost a leg so realistically in Tiger Shark, he still gets letters from countrymen in Il Duceland condoning him for his loss!

★ ★ THE MELODY LINGERS ON

THE PLAYERS: Josephine Hutchinson, George Houston, John Halliday, Mona Barrie, Helen Westley, Laura Hope Crews, David Scott, Walter Kingsford. Directed by David Burton. Story by Lowell Brentano.

IF movie statistics mean anything—as well they might, for all we know—then about fifty per cent of the world's mothers lose their children in infancy and spend the rest of their lives trying to get the kiddies back. In The Melody Lingers On (which lingers on the screen much too long) Josephine Hutchinson is the tragic young wife who puts her baby in an orphan asylum. Later Miss Hutchinson tries to reclaim the child, but finding this impossible she devotes her life, with gratifying success, to giving concert piano recitals.

Though her ears ring with applause, her heart is empty. For not only has Miss Hutchinson's operatic husband (George Houston) been killed in the war, but her son has been adopted by a rich family that cares nothing about music. When her tour brings her back to Italy, the mother visits her unsuspected son and convinces the lad that he should forsake politics for opera. The story closes with the boy (David Scott) singing The Toreador Song from Carmen.

The Melody Lingers On rambles far too much ever to be compelling drama. The story covers those years of the early war to some time far in the future, if we are to judge by Miss Hutchinson's aged make-up. But in its travels the plot shows that George Houston has a voice worth hearing and that if opera is going to dominate the screen some method other than merely photographing staged bits of acts will have to be contrived.

VITAL STATISTICS: Although opera pictures aren't being any too colossally received these days, the malady of making them lingers on. . . . Josephine Hutchinson, borrowed from Warners for this one, is an early Seattler. Is wife of artists' agent Jas. Townsend by Yuma, Arizona, elopement. She misses trains regularly; doesn't know her bank balance; hates thunderstorms; doesn't knit—thinks it a waste of time to do what machines do better. Never reads funny papers; horticultivates herself; knocks off $1,000 a week; hates puns, yet is the only actress in Hollywood who probably knows what "outgrabe" means — do you? . . . Debuttalist George Houston, born January 11, '00, in Hampton, New Jersey, inherits his fine singing baritone (range low E-flat to high G) from his father, a blind preacher. Has been street singer, boy evangelist, tramp-steamer hand, stevedore, schoolteacher, college athlete, bank hand, aviator, war ambulance driver. Has been gassed, shell-shocked. Is Eastman Rochester Musicker. Has sung opera and managed it; the only American who's sung Chaliapin's Boris Godunov in English. 'S married neatly to Leone Sousa, ex-Ziggie gal.

Recipes in Rhyme

ORIENTAL COCKTAILS

The bunch of violets from my
lady's breast
The amorous swain may save and
dry. They're best
When boiled in water, sugar
added, then
Spoonful of orange water for the
rest.

—*Mrs. A. Ayres.*

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million, Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin?

★★★—Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 25

1—President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The photograph was taken in 1892, when he was ten.

2—Breathing into a "store" paper bag that covers the mouth and nose.

3—Mary Pickford.

4—Less than a hundred; seventy-two to be exact, according to United States Department of Commerce records.

5—Because the female of this crustacean carries eggs in a pouch between her legs.

6—A tonga is a light two-wheeled vehicle used in India.

7—Soaking the bowl in alcohol.

8—It depends; a clear soup (bouillon) is drunk; thick or heavy soups are (more or less) eaten.

9—All currently minted. Pennies contain 95 per cent copper; nickels, 25 per cent copper; silver coins have 10 per cent copper in their alloys.

10—Such hotels are those to which breweries have loaned money for the purchase of beverage-room equipment, obligating the hotels to buy their beer.

11—Patrick Henry.

12—Twenty times. The average man is said to eat a ton of food a year.

13—Frank Joseph "Lefty" O'Doul, formerly of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

14—Mme. Mariette Mazarin who in 1909 broadcast from the Metropolitan tower in Madison Square, New York City, "and was distinctly heard in Newark, New Jersey."

15—Chukker (a period of play at pony polo).

16—The giraffe.

17—No: in United States commerce, each weighs 100 pounds.

18—Norma Shearer.

19—The Caterpillar Club (composed of aviators saved from death by parachute jumps) is so named because the parachute's cover is of silk from "caterpillars."

20— *Edgar A. Poe.*

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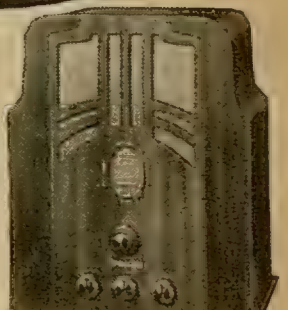

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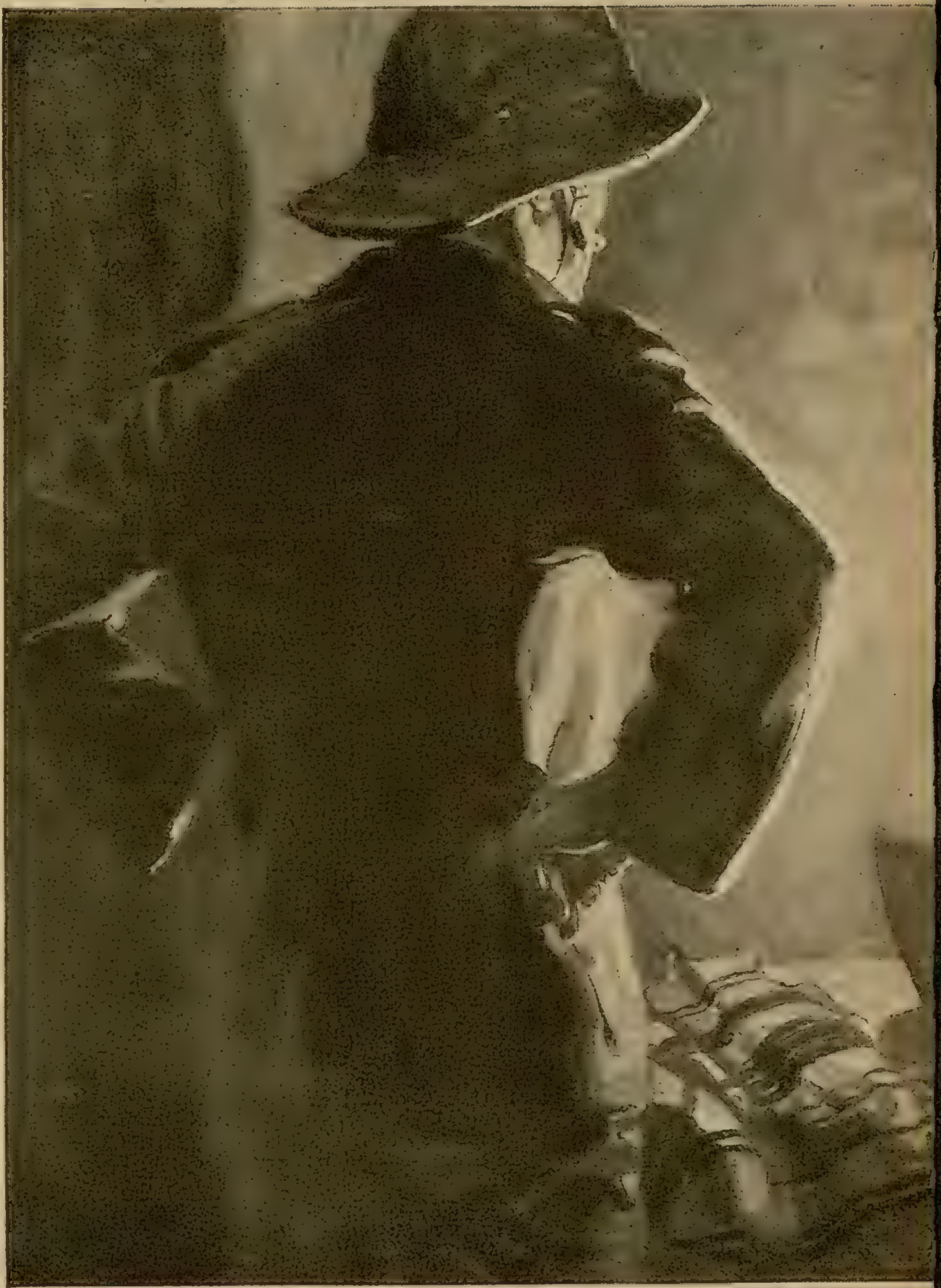
MARCHING

The Truth, Never Told Before, of the Tigris Expedition Under General Townshend—A Saga of Desert Bayonets

by

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 55 SECONDS



"You mean you haven't been in the town until today? But

THE disastrous defeat at Ctesiphon, to which General Townshend had been ordered to push on with his column in an effort to reach Bagdad, was described last week by Mr. Blackledge, who fought there in the ranks side by side with his friend Steve Barry. Townshend's judgment had been overruled; he had been well aware that his depleted force and his transport were woefully insufficient to cope with the Turkish armies now awaiting him. None the less, on November 21, 1915, having trekked the weary ninety miles from Kut, he attempted to outflank the enemy, as before, by a night march. Again Tiger (Mr. Blackledge himself) and Steve were with the detachment that made the flank attack. Again the Turks were overwhelmed in their front-line trenches; but this time their main force stood its ground and gave battle until by nightfall not only the Indian troops but the Tommies were barely rallied by their officers and saved from being scattered in a rout. Out of 8,500 men, Mr. Blackledge says, they had lost 4,000 killed and wounded. They dug in, then prepared to fall back upon Lajj—and young Tiger wrote in his diary: " Men think we are finished." The men were right. They were now in retreat.

PART FOUR — BACK TO KUT . . . AND LATIFAH

IT was a perfectly orderly retreat. We started at about nine o'clock that night. Not a single shot followed us. We might have been on a route march back in England—except that we knew we were retreating.

That required a lot of swallowing for troops that had advanced over three hundred miles. It certainly did not help to raise our spirits.

There was nothing at Lajj to help us—just entrenchments. We had those at Ctesiphon. What was the point in falling back on Lajj?

There was a lot of talk about the move being temporary, to give our reinforcements time to catch up with us. But that did not go down well either. We knew how far it was from Basra. There were no railways to bring up the reinforcements to us. They would have to come the way we had—hot-footing it for the most part.

My section was in the rear guard of that march—always a rotten position. The Arab horsemen rolled up in the early hours and started spraying us with lead. Orders were given to turn about and charge them.

We suddenly broke loose upon those Arabs—who had dismounted in order to come in close. We fell upon them. It was a regular father and mother of a scrap. They were taken unawares. We had about a score of them surrounded in no time at all. And then the fireworks. Those we did not shoot were battered to death with rifle butts.

A whistle blew. We fell in and doubled back, rejoining the column breathless but triumphant.

The morning of November 26 found us at Lajj in a miserable drizzle of rain—depressed, weary, sick to

Wounded Turks captured near Lajj are taken to the rear.

MADMEN

that's impossible! Nobody can get into Kut — or out of it!"

death of the rotten war in Mesopotamia. We dug in at Lajj and slept in the sand holes which rapidly turned into mud troughs. But there appeared to be no real attempt to entrench ourselves—which could only mean one thing: we were not to stay at Lajj.

It developed that there was every possibility of Lajj camp being under water before long. We got out—which was just as well. Our air reconnaissance learned that the advance guard of the Turkish force, numbering about 15,000, had left Ctesiphon and was advancing on Lajj. On the afternoon of November 27 we hot-footed it to Aziziyeh in one march of twenty-two miles. We were caked with mud and weary beyond description.

Men dropped by the roadside and were thrown into mule carts. The enemy—a massed force big enough to wipe us out—were almost treading on our heels.

We hoofed it through the night by way of Zeur and El Kutunie. When we reached Aziziyeh all the wounded had to be evacuated on steamers and barges—and all our stores were being sent down the river.

It soon became a question who would get to Kut first—Johnny Turk or us!

Even while we were at Aziziyeh we learned that the enemy had a column a mile long in occupation of El Kutunie, six miles away. We could hear the big guns shelling one of our steamers that had stuck on the river bank. For days then we lived in a state of constant readiness, sleeping when and how we could.

We left Aziziyeh in a hurry. There was not time to load all our stores on the barges—clothing and equipment and an ammunition dump. We left a column of belching smoke behind.

In the afternoon of that day (November 30) we arrived at Umm-ul-Tubul. The river craft, with wounded, stores, and ammunition, rolled up shortly afterward; but owing to the state of the stream it was impossible for the steamers and barges to carry on through the night. So the retreating army stayed where it was to guard the river craft that held its only means of subsistence!

"Well, I guess that gives us a break," opined Steve. "We'll get a good dose of shut-eye, maybe."

But Steve had to guess again. Johnny started to shell us about ten pip emma, and we needed every available man to help us out of the muddle into which the guarding of our own transport had landed us.

We could hear the distant rumble of the enemy's gun limbers. Then the shells started splashing all around us. It was a lively situation for tired Tommies in the dead darkness of night.

At one time it looked as if we should be taken by the collar. There was little we could do in that inky blackness. From midnight onward every man was in his place, on his feet, standing in the ranks, first on one tired leg and then on the other.

DAWN came the first day in December. And what a dawn! Fifteen thousand Turks were moving toward us in a great extended line that seemed to stretch over the desert as far as the eye could reach. Their artillery was at close field-gun range—about two thousand yards away. The sight was terrifying.

Our guns began belching fire. We went up behind them, believing this was the end.

As we rushed toward Johnny's left wing—which was doing its damnedest to envelop us—our artillery with its eighteen-pounders was blasting great gaps in the advancing lines of Turks. That shattering gunfire paralyzed them. We saw them hesitate, come to a wobbling kind of halt. It only needed the menace of our cavalry—Indian, and British Hussars—to turn that hesitation into a bolt. I have never seen such a wild ungovernable dash as those cavalrymen made.

In a few moments Johnny had turned tail.

With such overpowering numbers he ought to have wiped our little force off the face of the earth. Instead, he bolted, running hither and thither in the craziest disorder!

As he ran we rallied for the charge. But it was not to

Townshend's Indian cavalry pass an ancient Arab village.

be. We were not the attackers any more. We fell back *en échelon*, moving to the word of command like men on a parade ground. We were still under heavy shellfire.

We fought in that amazing action from dawn until about eight in the morning. Johnny did not take a single prisoner. And we hung on to the 1,500 whom we had taken at Ctesiphon and who were marching with our column in the retreat!

Nor did we lose a single gun. However, about 500 of our men were killed or wounded.

We started marching again, continuing all that day and half the night. Men were falling out from sheer exhaustion and being bundled into carts. The Arabs were potting at our rear incessantly and we knew what would happen to any men they picked up.

It was about ten o'clock that night when we reached Shadie. I don't know now how we kept going all that day and half that night. We had fought an engagement at dawn and then marched thirty-six miles! If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget that march. When the order came to halt at Shadie, we dropped in ranks and slept like logs in the roadway. We did not want food. As a matter of fact, there wasn't any.

At daylight we stood on our stiffened legs and started to march again, still without food. We kept on without a halt until one pip emma, the Arabs following us and taking pot shots the whole time.

We surely broke all records. "An army marches on its stomach." Ours must have been a pretty flat march!

We halted at one o'clock for two hours. Still no food. There was, however, the cheering news that food being sent from Kut would reach us—provided we marched to Shumran Bend, some six miles from the town. We did.

That last lap very nearly killed us. We must have presented a terrible picture—warworn, weary, unshaven, caked with mud—a column of soldiers staggering along like drunken men.

I filled my mind with the thoughts of Kut. And how could I think of Kut without picturing Latifah? I am sure it was only the vision of her that kept me on my feet. She may have been merely a Circassian girl without a moral to her back. To me she was the loveliest thing one could hope to meet in that benighted, Godforsaken country. . . .

We linked up with Cockney Joe again at Kut. He was one of the details who had helped to guard a bargeful of wounded from Shadie. A squadron of Turkish cavalry had caught them up and sprayed them with machine-gun fire, wounded and all. The wounded and the fit were killed in heaps as they lay or stood about the steel deck of the barge. Men screamed when their wounds were shot at afresh. Panic ensued. Men with broken limbs fell overboard and were made targets by the enemy. The barge ran aground and was boarded by the yelling Turks. In a few minutes the decks were running with blood. The cockney swore that he saw men cut up before his very eyes.

IN the end there was nothing to do but run for it. The dozen or so who remained standing at the edge of a bloodthirsty half-hour had no option but to jump ashore and race along the old desert road as fast as they could go. . . .

Poor Cockney Joe was never the same man again.

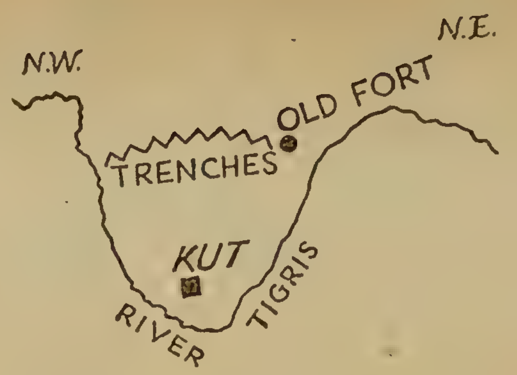
We marched into Kut early in the morning of December 3. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that we crawled into the town.

The Arab population eyed us sullenly, contemptuously. We were the beaten army, and they knew it. They knew quite well why we had retreated.

The Mesopotamian Arab is both merciless and cowardly. If the natives of Kut had had sufficient arms and ammunition they would have driven us from their town; but, beaten as we were, we still presented a too hefty proposition. We moved in *en masse*, with plenty of material to carry on for some little time.

It has since been proved that ours was the most orderly and efficacious retreat of modern military history.

For two days after our arrival in the town most of us did nothing but sleep and eat. Then the exhausted army began getting on its feet again.



We were trenching around the old mud fort to the north and the northeast. For the rest, we were more or less protected by the loop of the Tigris — as is shown by the map at the left which I sketched at the time.

We had hardly dug in when Johnny Turk started to throw his shells over, and it was pretty evident that there were spies in our midst, for he was astonishingly accurate in making targets of the dwelling used by the headquarters staff, the barracks, and the various dumps.

There was only one way the Arabs could get in touch with Johnny, and that was by swimming across the river during the night. We lay on the banks night after night, staring at the water, waiting for the slightest sign of movement. Then, one night, Arabs came—five of them, one after the other, like lambs to slaughter.

Two of them slipped into the water with hardly a sound and began to swim. We let them go a few yards. The other three followed and were allowed to pass. Then the sergeant of our patrol opened fire.

WE took pot shots at those dim figures bobbing up and down in the water. There was a yelp, a pair of arms shot up . . . another . . . another. . . .

Silence. The water was calm, sluggish once more. Five Arab spies had gone—no doubt to Paradise.

Just the same, information continued to leak out to the Turks. We moved quarters more than once. The hospital was shifted. But Johnny kept on finding the vital spots. No one could get out of the town or into it except by swimming the river at dead of night.

The populace could have cleared out when they knew we were falling back on the town. They had elected to stay, even though they must have realized what it would mean—for they had been there when we shelled Johnny Turk out. Certainly they did not expect us to stay so long, nor could they know what the outcome must be.

General Townshend issued this communiqué to us:

> I intend to defend Kut-el-Amara and not to retire any farther. Reinforcements are being sent at once from Basra to relieve us.
>
> The honor of our mother country and the Empire demands that we all work heart and soul in the defense of this place. We must dig in deep and dig in quickly, and then the enemy's shells will do little damage. We have ample food and ammunition, but commanding officers must husband the ammunition and not throw it away uselessly.
>
> The way you have managed to retire some eighty or ninety miles under the very noses of the Turks is nothing short of splendid, and speaks eloquently for the courage and discipline of this force.

We learned that the relief force was in the country and would advance as far as Ali Gharbi, there to be rallied for the great drive through to Kut. The next news we had was that even from where it was it must fight its way toward us, since the Turks were invading the country in vast numbers.

Johnny kept us occupied. His firing rarely ceased, night or day. For us there were all manner of fatigue jobs, duty in the trenches, duty in the fort, guarding the dumps, the stores, and the river banks.

Still, we found ways and means of sneaking off occasionally—as small boys and soldiers will. I, of course, spent much energy in searching for Latifah. She seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth. Steve and I tried the Sink several times, but always drew a blank. The den itself was going as strong as ever. So far, none of the other men had discovered it.

Many days passed before I stumbled upon her. I was with a detachment patrolling the bazaar quarter. I saw Latifah idling about in the crowd not many yards away. She looked lovelier than ever.

Stifling my impulse, I thought hard. I was on duty. If I rushed over to her, the others would see me. . . .

And then I caught Latifah's eye. She just stared. She was heavily cloaked, with her face half covered. She turned abruptly and disappeared into the crowd.

She must have recognized me! Why had she run away?

That night the Sink was full. Nobody interfered with me as I rushed down the passage to Latifah's room. She was there! I had hardly closed the door when she began—spitting venom like a gutter brat. The onslaught left me gasping. It was hardly the reception I'd anticipated!

Oh, yes, she had seen me in the bazaar. That was why she was here. She had guessed I would come. What sort of honorable Englishman was I? Did I often go around betraying girls who had given me much happiness?—reporting them to the police as spies? She was no spy! No spy! She had given me only love! And in return I had sent her to the English soldiers' prison! I began to see that she supposed I was responsible for the apprehending of the spies who had been shot.

"Guilty Indeed!" Says Jafsie

What sensational discovery of his own left him certain, long before the trial, that "John"—Hauptmann—had entered the Lindbergh nursery on the fatal night? In his own story Jafsie will tell you.

Coming Soon in Liberty!

It took me a long time to convince her that I had played no part in sending her to prison as their associate. I succeeded in the end. When she began to sob as if her heart were breaking, I could not make up my mind whether she was just an innocent kid or a darned clever woman. She protested that she had never dreamed her Arab master was a spy against the English. Finally she dried her tears and smiled again. She was the oddest mixture—a devil-cat one minute, angel the next. But the most fascinating creature I've ever met. When I told her how I had been searching for her, she laughed.

"But, *mon chéri,* it is only this day I come to Kut!"

"You mean you haven't been in the town until today? But that's impossible!" I exclaimed. "Nobody can get into Kut—or out of it!"

Whereupon she laughed more merrily than ever. "I came in this day! I go out this day if I wish!"

"But how? Can you swim the river? And how did you get past the guards? You can't have come in from the north, across the trenches."

"I cannot swim the river. I do not come that way—nor through the trenches."

"Then—how?"

She shook her head and laughed again.

"There is a way, *mon chéri.*"

"But outside of Kut, what is there? Desert!"

"There are villages—especially in the east."

"Yes?" said I invitingly.

"When I left the prison I went that way to some people I know. They are Christians too—Sabians. I was happy with them. Then they said the soldiers had come to Kut—so I returned."

"Sabians? What are Sabians?"

"Sabians are John Baptist Christians, and they follow the stars."

A FAMILY of Christians who might be helpful some day, and who lived in some remote village near the Persian border! My head was afire. Thoughts raced. But I would not whisper of my plans to Latifah then. There was sure to be plenty of time.

Not a soul must know of my schemes, not even Steve or Cockney Joe. I would work out my own salvation. There was a way out of Kut, a safe way, of which the authorities were ignorant!

The weeks dragged by. For six of them we did not even see an airplane, nor any other sign of the reinforcements. The Turks shelled us incessantly. Nights were hideous with the racket of explosions.

Tommies got on each other's nerves. Bully beef, Arab black bread, and *char* was no diet for sick soldiers.

There were, of course, several desertions. Some got away. Others were potted at in the river until they had to turn back, drenched and more miserable than ever.

There was nothing in the nature of a fortress about Kut. The old fort, built of mud bricks, was no use against Johnny's shells. We rebuilt it time and time again, strengthened it solidly with sandbags, always working under shellfire.

Once the enemy rushed the trenches. That was on December 10. They pressed our northern front severely for several hours. We knew that if they broke through we were finished. We shattered their line with machine-gun and rifle fire. Johnny was no good in the open. He turned and scattered back to his own trenches after sustaining heavy losses.

Two days later, just at dusk, he made another attempt. We met it with volley after volley of rifle fire. On came the gray figures, massed solidly. Our machine guns sprayed them with deadly effect.

We saw them dropping in their tracks—a ghastly curtain of men thrown at us in a desperate effort to storm our trenches and rush the town.

It went on most of the night. Sometimes they would come within a few yards of our barbed wire—only to be shot to their knees, yelping like wounded animals. Many were trapped in the barbed-wire entanglements.

When dawn came all was quiet once more.

I STOPPED one in the left shoulder and was in the hospital three weeks. The building was constantly shelled, and it is no fun to be shot at when you can't reply.

After those insane attempts to rush us, Johnny Turk gave up direct attack and started in with an unceasing siege bombardment. He kept it up for days, hoping perhaps to start something among the civilian population. We, however, had the natives well in hand by this time. Our situation was too desperate to permit them any license whatever. The slightest suspicion of treachery was punished swiftly by death. Moreover, we had imprisoned all the sheiks and khans and headmen and were holding them as hostages.

It was known that Arabs were leaving the town somehow. I decided I must question Latifah and report what she might tell me, for a secret exit was a menace to us all. For the time I gave up my own plans.

But when I was released from the hospital, she had disappeared again.

I would argue with myself for hours as to whether I should report the little I knew. I should be "clinked" for not having reported as soon as I had heard of a secret getaway. I was a bundle of nerves, sick and weary and stupid with the incessant digging and firing and fighting. If I could have come upon the girl during those days when we fought ankle-deep in mud and blood, I believe I would have dragged her by the scruff of her lovely neck to the first officer in sight.

I lay in the filth of the trench and groped my way through eternities of terror. Every bursting shell shook me, jangling my nerves and hammering at my brain. I knew that men were looking at me queerly—especially Steve. I would catch him eying me. I knew what that meant. He thought I was going loopy.

"You're as hot as hell, Tiger! Why don't you report sick and get out of this muck?" Steve demanded.

"I'm all right. Nice and cool in the water."

"Don't be a damn fool! You get out o' this, you little sap! It's the malaria! Get out of here before it gets you down for good and all."

I was carried out eventually, raving like a lunatic of a beautiful girl who knew a secret way out of Kut, whom I knew and had failed to report!

Did the delirious Tiger's disclosure reach the ears of his officers? Next week Mr. Blackledge will tell you, and will picture from his ineffaceable memories a hellish Christmas day in Kut, the subsequent horrors of famine and pestilence, and the eventual surrender.

Love Letters

# of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Ginger Lamps the So-Called Human Race—and Socko Issues a Warning

Words and Picture by

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Hollywood, Cal.
Mr. Socko O'Brien,
Community Hospital,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dear Socko:

Its just a waste of time asking if you are *in* or *out* of the hospital because every time you hop in the ring they quilt you down, so I'll just skip the subject.

As I told you in my last letter, Ive been forced to move into *cheaper* quarters and believe you me, the new joint is a scream!

First, take a slant at the ad. I found in the Hollywood Headache:

> FURNISHED ROOM with *refined English* couple. Exquisite Environment. $3.00 per week—

The trap is just off Hollywood Boulevard on Vine Street. Its an old brick walk-up and the street floor features a foney restaurant called "The Sultans Inn." On the sidewalk stands a prop Mohammed with six pounds of wet wash on his scull, enough whiskers to stuff a couch, and bright red bloomers. He's the front-man for the Inn.

The first floor front is occupied by a "Theatrical Costumer" by the name of "Angelo Shivv" and from the looks of his goofy joint, I think he bought out a ghetto.

Next to him—in the rear—is a "Miss Phoebe Evans," a stylish stout of some forty odd summers. She gives "body massages" when she's not clowning in pictures. I met her in the hall yesterday and got a close-up. She's a chemical blonde built like a bus. She sported a broadtail bennie and on her head rested a creation that was a toss-up between a bed warmer and a roasting pan.

On the next floor front, resides a "Mr. Edgar Egbert McNitny." This bird is listed as a "Theatrical Manager Extraordinary." Whata laf! Ive met those kind before.

Next to him, comes the "Palace Conservatory for Stage and Screen Stars." The sign reads: "Tap-dancing, Banjo, Voice Culture, Juggling and Xylophone." A cute combination, what?

Alongside the Conservatory, is a "La Belle Fontaine." She makes "lamp shades" and in small letters the card says she is a "Matrimonial Adjuster,"—whatever the heck that is?

Anyhow, next to her is a "Professor Merman." He's a "ventriloquist" and opposite him dwells a synthetic Hindu by the name of "Mahatma." He tells fortunes for five bucks a copy by staring into a cut glass bottle stopper. If you ask me, his name is Riley and he hails from Hoboken.

Opposite the Hindu, lives a gentleman by the name of "Spencer Laurel." The card says he is a "Midget to His Majesty the King." It also mentions he is "Late with the London Hippodrome."

Now, Socko, I'm going back a couple or three days and let you in on my first visit to the joint.

As I reached the top floor, I noticed a shiny brass plate on one of the doors. It read: "The Watson School of Elocution" and underneath the plate was an engraved card on which was written: "William Wellington Watson, Esq., B.L., B.A." This was the place I was looking for. After I knocked, a thin, middle-aged woman with yellow-grey hair—who said she was Mrs. Watson—cautiously opened the door and peeked out. After I told her what I wanted she let me in.

"Come in my child!" she said, in a broad Scotch accent. "You must be all-in from climbing them blooming stairs?"

Ive seen some funny looking traps in my wandering around, but, Socko, the Watsons outfit stopped them all.

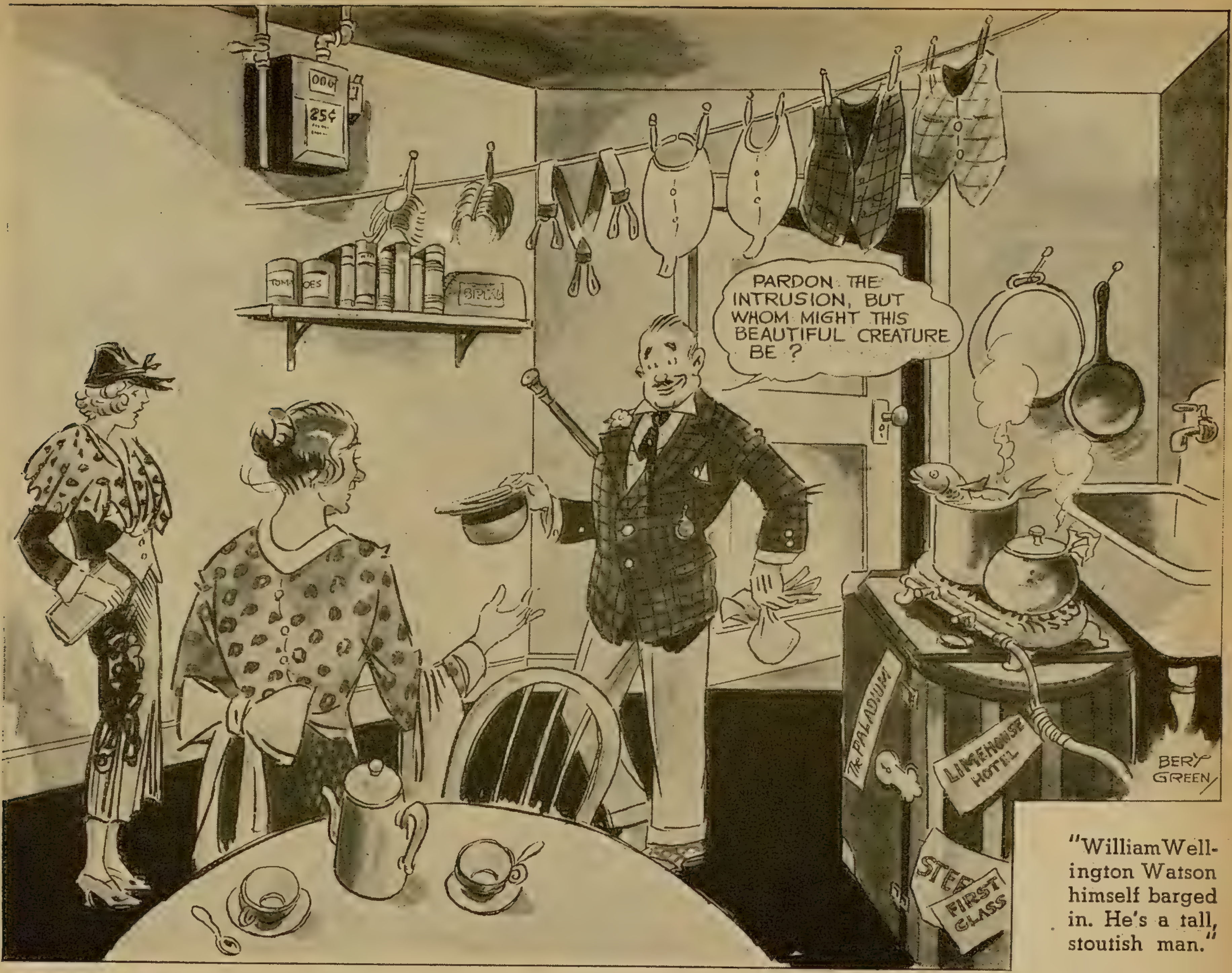
The living room was hardly what youd call ultra-ritzy. There was an unpainted table in the middle of the room and a few ten cent chairs were carelessly tossed around it. On a shelf were several worn books, with two cans of tomatoes and a loaf of rye bread for book ends. Draped across the room was a clothesline. There were three striped vests pinned to it, the fronts of several dress shirts, a pair of woolen suspenders and two mens wigs. By a window was a small, 2nd Avenue, gas stove standing on an old leather trunk. The trunk had several pasters on it. One read: "The Paladium, London," and a "First Class" label was plastered over the word "Steerage."

"We 'avent anything extraordinary to offer in the way of elligant surroundings, Miss," teed off Mrs. Watson, as she caught me gunning the joint, "nevertheless, we pride ourselves on our 'umble abode. I'm sure youll like it 'ere, the *environment* is so restful."

From the way she looked at me, I'm sure she thought I was some innocent, milk-fed school girl from the Bible belt. Little did she realize I was *nineteen* and had froliced in pictures.

"Its quite a cute place you have," I said, stalling for an out.

"I'm glad you like it," she tossed back. "I'm *used* to nice things. You see, Miss, I was born in a beautiful castle in Billingsgate! Billingsgate," she said, wiping her chin with her apron, "is a suburb of London—like Newport is to New York. Before I married Mr. Watson, I had always been surrounded with maids and butlers.


PARDON THE INTRUSION, BUT WHOM MIGHT THIS BEAUTIFUL CREATURE BE ?
25¢
THE PALADIUM
LIMEHOUSE HOTEL
FIRST CLASS
BERT GREEN

"William Wellington Watson himself barged in. He's a tall, stoutish man."

Gawd love me, I never *knew* what it were to put me 'ands in dish-water. My daddy was a very wealthy man. Oh my yes! 'E owned a public 'ouse in Liverpool—like the Beverly-Wilshire. It overlooked the docks and the sea. But," she gasped, "some blooming blighter came along and swindled my poor old daddy out of 'is wealth and we 'ad to bury 'im in Potter's Field."

Then she broke down and turned on the weeps. When she came to, she continued.

"When I first met Mr. Watson at Brighton," she said, "'e was a Professor of languages. A linguist, thats what 'e were. 'E taught at Oxford, but 'e 'ad to give it up due to a series of distressing misunderstandings 'e 'ad with an institute by the name of Scotland Yard. Nevertheless, 'e managed to overcome 'is difficulties and come to America.

"Mr. Watson," she went on, "'as vast 'oldings in the Yyde Park Pump and Burlap Works, Ltd., and also in the Piccadilly Crumpett and Tart Company, and for years, 'e 'asnt received so much as a farthing in dividends. You see, Miss," she rambled along, "at the present moment my poor, dear 'usband is undergoing a cycle of extenuating circumstances when 'is collections is somewhat problematical. Unless somethink of financial importance manifests itself before long, I 'ate to think what will 'appen to poor Mr. Watson."

Then she tapped me on the knee and whispered: "I even found a *rope* and a bottle of carbolic acid beneath 'is very bed."

At that the door opened and William Wellington Watson himself barged in. He's a tall, stoutish man with a high blood-pressure face and nose to match. He had on a grey, pinched-back, two flighter with leather buttons. The suit was well pressed but rather shot at the elbows. He wore spats and underneath his arm he carried a cane. From his lapel dangled a monicle—minus the glass. In his hand he carried a pair of lemon colored gloves and a bag of peanuts.

"Pardon the intrusion," he said, trying to put on the Ritz, "but whom might this beautiful creature be?"

"This," said Mrs. Watson,—before I had time to squark—"is Miss Ginger Ryan. She's condescended to share our 'umble abode and become a lodger."

Well, you could have knocked me over with a sledge.

"How delightful," broke in Mr. Watson, "permit me to remark that we are highly honored. I trust you will make yourself at home. Furthermore, if at any time you desire to join us in nutriment, I feel quite confident you will find my darling wife a past master in the culinary arts."

So, there, Socko, you have the works! Listen, you ain't heard *nothing* yet,—get a load of my *next* letter!

Your pal,
GINGER.

Community Hospital,
Brooklyn, New York.

Miss Ginger Ryan,
Hollywood, Cal.
Dear Ginger:

Hey!

What's all this goofy limey stuff you're shooting at me? Honest, the squorrels must be folleying you around.

No fooling, any sane dame who kisses herself into a flop-house filled with screwey cockneys, midgets, Hindus and fem bone benders should get their scull taken apart and I don't mean maybe.

If you ask me, you better cop a quick sneak before they stash you in the nut nursery!

Your ever loving pal,
SOCKO.

More of the very frank correspondence of this affectionate couple will be published in the near future.

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

REBEKAH HUFCUT

SUBJECT: Old-fashioned Christmas dinners.

Authority: Rebekah Hufcut.

Comment: What Rebekah Hufcut doesn't know about the history and practice of American cooking isn't for the book. Real American food is her professional career. She's the dietitian in charge of American-style cooking at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. For Christmas-dinner inspiration she goes back to her Pennsylvania childhood.

"We made our turkey stuffing two days before Christmas," she told me. "We stuffed our bird the day before. I believe the flavor of roast turkey is improved by leaving the stuffing in overnight."

With their Pennsylvania turkey they had mashed potatoes, mashed turnips, creamed onions, creamed corn. They had clear cranberry jelly, generous boats of giblet gravy, and mustard pickles. To give it good time for ripening, their plum pudding had been made at least a month in advance. For young appetites there were hundreds—literally hundreds—of doughnuts. Last, but not least, came the Minnehaha Cake.

The Minnehaha Cake is a lost art. Few, if any, of our priestesses of the oven know how to bake it now. Its texture was rich and buttery; it was filled with chopped figs, raisins, and walnuts, and had lemon and sugar icing. Only once a year was it made—only at Christmas time.

A sewing set is the first Christmas present Rebekah Hufcut remembers. Preferring pigtails, she used the little pair of scissors to cut off most of her long golden curls.

Now she gets up American meals for many foreign celebrities.

To M. Laval, Prime Minister of France, she fed clams, Yankee pot roast, pumpkin pie. "I like it," he said. "But it is certainly different!"

● Unsigned letter from a girl in Ohio. She writes:

> A wealthy young man has asked me to marry him. How can I tell whether I love him or not? I am quite poor. You know how easy it is for a poor girl to believe she has fallen in love with a rich man. I want to be sure that my regard for him has not been influenced by his money. How can I?

Hard to answer. Perhaps the girl may be demanding a little too much idealism. From one viewpoint, the financial aspect of marriage can be considered as important to lasting happiness as the sentimental side. Marriage without affection and respect is always dangerous, of course. Yet marriage without some money can be perilous, too.

Offhand I think I'd say that any girl who *worries* about her young man's solvency is on the wrong track.

● Now comes the time of year when friendly battles rage around the question of how to build a good fire in an open fireplace. We all have our pet way of building fires. We all know that our way is best. And we curl an insulting lip of scorn at anybody else's way. Perfectly nice people who wouldn't dream of interfering with you in other matters cannot resist the temptation when they see you start to build a fire.

So please get away from the fireplace and give *me* a chance.

Crumple the paper in tight wads; otherwise it will just go foof!—burning too quickly to ignite the wood. Use plenty of small dry chips under the logs. Lay the chips on the paper crisscross and not too close together. A clean draft is the secret of a clean fire. Place the logs with their split sides next to the chips. Don't use kerosene or any other oil.

Do you say you know a better way? I knew you would!

● Who tells fortunes? And why?

I am curious about the amateur diviners, the readers of tea leaves, palms, and cards.

I've been arguing this subject among friends. One friend of mine contends that fortunetelling is a game played by disappointed women, by old maids and widows. The contention is that they, having failed in the regular assignment of their lives, try to make up for their failure by claiming special wisdom.

If you like the idea of fortunetelling, why not extend it beyond the monopoly of mystic ladies? Why not ask a football player to plumb your character? Or a circulating-library manager to gauge your soul?

The best judges of men and women are those of us who have the most contacts with men and women. I say let our pawnbrokers tell our fortunes.

● Much artistic information imparted with a surprising amount of entertainment in James Henry Duveen's memoirs, Art Treasures and Intrigue. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

● Are shawls coming back into fashion? Recently I have seen them worn by a number of stylish hostesses during their afternoons at home.

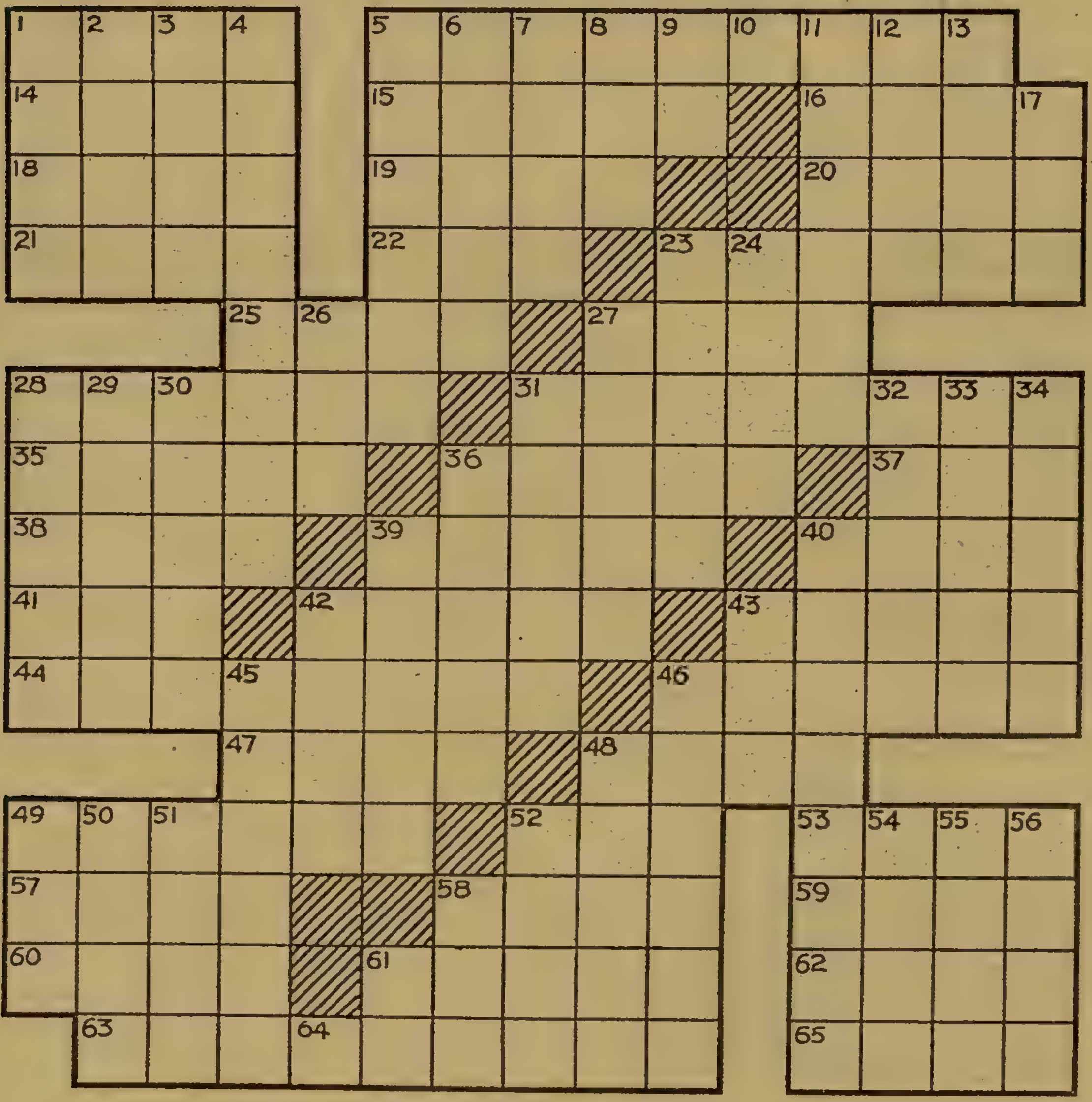
For some decades the shawl has been a neglected article of refinement. Shawls can be as costly, as precious as any garment you can mention. For example, the patterned shawls of Shetland wool are as rare in this country as hens' teeth. Also the superfine white shawls of Russian wool from Vologda--as delicate as cobwebs. I understand they are being sought again by women of taste.

Puzzle #40

Cockeyed Cross Words

by TED SHANE

12/21/35



HORIZONTAL

1 This has been damming the Dutch for years
5 The leg that did the original turkey trot
14 One for me and one for you
15 Groucho Marx says they grow round spies' doors
16 A sorehead you can't sit on
18 Scratch for a living
19 Famous last word
20 The Grik Ambrassador tolds me this is combrining form meaning outside, soch has, Ecto, bum!—Outside, bum!
21 He put Balder on the spot, the evil fellow (Norse myth.)
22 This used to be a goose in Merrie England
23 Somehow he never enjoys Thanksgiving
25 A scent that's a tax on bugles
27 Persian Puck
28 It takes a good rod to measure its length on a deck
31 Well known Australian boxer, advancing by leaps and bounds
35 A word of expectancy
36 Future can opener, mop handler, and biscuit engineer
37 Pie-eyed —— mode
38 Most disliked flower in Italy
39 The only things not to be afraid of
40 Skid shoes
41 Poets mean likewise by this
42 Metropolitan ladies who constantly take to the high cees
43 Stephen Foster to his maw
44 He usually winds up his watch in the morning
46 Things with roses and mortgages twining around the door
47 In scrambled geography: Rula
48 The better thing she took for worse when she married
49 Something to slip into in case of an emergency around water

T	O	S	S		M	A	C	A	O		H	I	R	E
A	R	E	A		E	N	A	T	E		O	D	I	N
R	E	M	I	S	E	D	■	A	C	I	D	■	G	O
A	L	I	G	H	T	■	A	B	U	T	■	T	A	W
	T	O	Y	■	P	R	E	S	A	G	E			
O	R	E	N	■	S	A	N	K	■	L	I	E	G	E
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B	E	Y	■	S	O	N	G	■	G	A	L	O	R	E
A	B	■	S	T	A	G	■	B	E	N	I	S	O	N
R	E	N	O		S	E	L	I	M		E	T	U	I
S	N	U	B		T	R	U	S	S		D	E	E	D

Answer to last week's puzzle

52 What the boys throw ripe tomatoes in around Toughtown
53 This is mailed all over Europe today
57 What to do when positive
58 The last thing you can expect from a woman
59 The kind of machinery we'd like to see moving
60 There's nothing to this
61 The original Bagdad-to-Cairo express
62 Nix to Hitler
63 It's been playing the old army game for years (two words)
65 Things you'll find in nitwits' minds

VERTICAL

1 What soreheads get half shot in
2 Preposition
3 To toss a dog into the rear end
4 The Wronged Maiden of Africa
5 An inflated D.T.
6 A newspaper columnist's stock in trade
7 All excuses end this way
8 What little Ethiopian boys grow up to be
9 Ocean dash hound (abbr.)
10 A letter on the square
11 This was, or wasn't, a Spain in the neck to the Romans —I'm not sure
12 The first alarm
13 To fly a check
17 She's myrna whole world to Hollywood
23 Watches, nonwinding
24 Egg, not bad
26 What hardened criminals end a sentence with
27 Legs have been coming in these for years
28 Tall things that get colored up by being kicked around
29 Ope the peepers
30 An ominous bird, this fellow
31 Boering place for cattle
32 These constantly show their teeth
33 This is so attached to a bottle it's hard to get it out in the open
34 They stayed wet during prohibition
36 To cut in on the level
39 Famous last word
40 Popular Thanksgiving pastime
42 This is dreadful
43 Sky chief
45 Where they caused a man-o'-war boom
46 Part of the broom housewives are attached to
48 Noisy collection of Turkey hens
49 Kibosh
50 The Shakespeare river
51 Here's where they ended their fighting days
52 The state Louis knocked Baer into
54 This gives some people a headache
55 An unmentionable thing about the ladies
56 Three of these make thirty poker miles
58 This roll of dough's been choking horses for years
61 Cerebration starts with this
64 The first letter to a druggist

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"Tea, Sir?"
"Tea? *Me?* No!
TEACHER'S!"

"HIGHLAND CREAM"
Teacher's Highland Cream
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Teacher & Sons, Ltd. Glasgow Scotland
"The Right Spirit"
100% SCOTCH WHISKY

. . . A GOOD RULE

to follow, when ordering Scotch whisky, is to specify Teacher's "Highland Cream" and make it clear you will be satisfied with nothing else. Its rich flavour, delicate bouquet and satin smoothness make it the "Perfection of Scotch Whisky." Bottled in bond in the United Kingdom under government supervision by WM. TEACHER & SONS, LTD., GLASGOW and LONDON. Established 1830.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES:
Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

TEACHER'S
"HIGHLAND CREAM"
the Perfection of
SCOTCH WHISKY

TINSEL LADY

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRYSON

LOVELY young Ann Cutler, American star of the Folies-Bergère in Paris, accepts the love and favors of Price Gordon, middle-aged London merchant prince, only to learn that her chosen life of tinsel, for which she rejected personable Charlie Binns, the home-town lad, has its restrictions. Price's jealousy causes her many unhappy moments and only reluctantly does he finally accede to her wish to pose for the noted artist, Dufresne. But had Price known it, he was wise in saying " no," for later Ann was to meet and be attracted by Tony Madriguera, a young aviator whose picture was to hang next to hers in the Salon.

Then when Price, accompanied by his wife, completely ignored Ann one night, she realized just where she stood in his life. And although he gave her emeralds as a peace offering, she could not be fully appeased. Her father, who was employed in Gordon's London store, sent Ann a mysterious note demanding a thousand pounds. Ann flew across the Channel with Tony at night to meet him, only to learn he wanted the money to buy a present for the rich widow, Mrs. Saintsbury. So Ann gave him the emeralds, Gordon's present, instead.

But motor trouble developed on the return flight and when the plane was damaged in the forced landing, she and Tony had to spend the night at a peasant's home. Tony proposed that night, but Ann withheld her answer. Her attempt to explain her absence to Price over the phone the next morning was useless. Instead of listening to details he told her to hurry home to a surprise party he had arranged. Little did Ann know it was his cruel plan of revenge, for he had traced her every move with Tony and believed the worst. Her party

Now from Heights of Happiness to Depths of Disillusionment a Girl's Heart Goes Tumbling in This Poignantly Stirring Novel

by CHANNING POLLOCK

"I don't want to send for them, Tony. I don't want anything he ever gave me."

guests were eight women from the promenade of the Folies-Bergère. "Your fraternity," Price had said. "After last night you belong with these women." So Ann drank a toast to them, saying she would marry Tony Madriguera. As she hurried from the house Price stopped her.

PART EIGHT—NATURE'S LITTLE MOUSETRAP

"ANN," Gordon said chokingly, and barring her path. "I'm sorry, Ann. I don't know what devil possessed me. I know it's too late now, but—"

"It's been too late," Ann answered quietly—"it's been too late from the moment I met Tony. I should have told you. I didn't because I hated hurting you. I wanted to play square, and I think I have, Price. I haven't cheated, as you believe I did. You'll find that out one day. You've hurt *me*, cruelly, for nothing. I don't blame you. In your place I might have thought what you thought. I might have wanted revenge. But it's over between us, Price. Definitely over. I shall never see you again."

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To the theater. Where I go from there is my business. I shan't come back here. And I'll send you all these things in the morning. All that I'm wearing—"

"They belong to you."

"I don't want anything you've ever given me," Ann said. "I don't want anything that could remind me of—of this. I want to forget that you ever lived, and that I ever knew you. Good-by, Price."

She left him, standing like a painted portrait at her—no longer *her* library table, and hurried through the kitchen, down the servants' stairs to the street. As her taxi turned into the short block that leads to the Folies-Bergère, she saw Mimi and the cockney alighting from another vehicle. "We all work here," she thought bitterly. "Bobbie, and the naked chorus girls, and I—our job is to drum up trade for the others. Romantic—ugh! Bobbie told the truth that day in Philadelphia when she said 'Marriage has got show business beaten a mile!'"

Roberta listened to the story while the two girls sat at their make-up shelf powdering over their grease paint. The intermission was on. Ann could hear faintly one of the tunes that had been played at her birthday dinner. The girl shivered. She was never to hear that music again without shivering.

Bobbie was asking, "What're you going to do now?"

"Marry Tony."

"To wound Price?"

"No. I don't want to wound Price. I thought I did, but that wasn't why I made my little speech. I made it to break with Price definitely—so that I could leave that place without seeing him again. But I should have married Tony anyway. I knew that last night, when he asked me. Price was right, Bobbie. While I was taking his money I did belong to the sisterhood. I want to get out of it."

"And you think you love Tony," Roberta said.

"You bet I do."

"Why?"

"Because he's a—"

"Because he's a young male, and you glow at the touch of him. That's only nature's little mousetrap, Ann."

"I don't get you."

"It gets you—and the young male. In a couple of years you've both eaten the cheese. But you're locked up together. What the young girl should know, Ann, is that cheese is good but you need something else for a whole lifetime in that mousetrap."

"Such as?"

"Such as all the things Tony hasn't got—stability, tenderness, loyalty, the capacity for friendship with the woman he loves. Tony doesn't love *you.* He doesn't love any one but himself. He smells the cheese, that's all. Let's go home, Ann."

"To America?"

"Yes."

"You're crazy."

"So are you, kid. You've been more or less nuts ever since you walked through that stage door in Washington. You're looking for something that's not here, Ann. If you want my advice, go home and marry Charlie Binns."

Ann laughed.

"And be the cashier at the Binns Market in Soudersburg? You're cuckoo, Bobbie, and 'Marry Charlie Binns' is getting to be your cuckoo song. If you think he's so swell, why don't *you* marry him?"

"I'm going to marry my widower," Roberta said.

"Not Jean Baptiste?"

"Yes. I didn't know I was until five minutes ago, and he doesn't know it yet, but that's the scenario. He's lonesome and I'm lonesome. He don't make me tingle, but he makes me want to cook dinner for him—which is *some* loving. I can talk to him all day without getting tired, and I'm crazy about that boy of his. So, listening to you, I decided that when we're through at the Folies-Bergère I'm going to acquaint M. Cochin with the fact that he's ga-ga about me."

Ann laughed again.

"You're going to be in a squirrel house if you're not careful. Anyway, you make me laugh, and that's something, after what happened tonight. Will you come with me tomorrow?"

"Where?"

"To be married."

"I don't think you can get hitched that quick over here, but, whenever you do, count me in. I told you once that it wouldn't make any difference to me if you committed murder."

The two girls spent the night together, and next day Ann called the Paris-London Airways. Madriguera was still with his wrecked plane, but was expected that afternoon. Ann left word for him, and by four o'clock he was at the little hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, so boyishly delighted by the turn of events that even Roberta softened. "That's fine!" he said of the dinner party. "It cancels your debt to that gentleman, so now we don't have to wait for anything."

"You'll have to wait for a lot of French red tape," Bobbie demurred.

"Nonsense! We're Americans. Where are your things, Ann?"

"I left them at the flat."

"All right. I'll send for 'em, and we'll run around to the consul's."

"I don't want to send for them, Tony. I don't want anything he ever gave me."

Madriguera looked blank.

"You don't mean you're going to make him a present of your jewels and everything?"

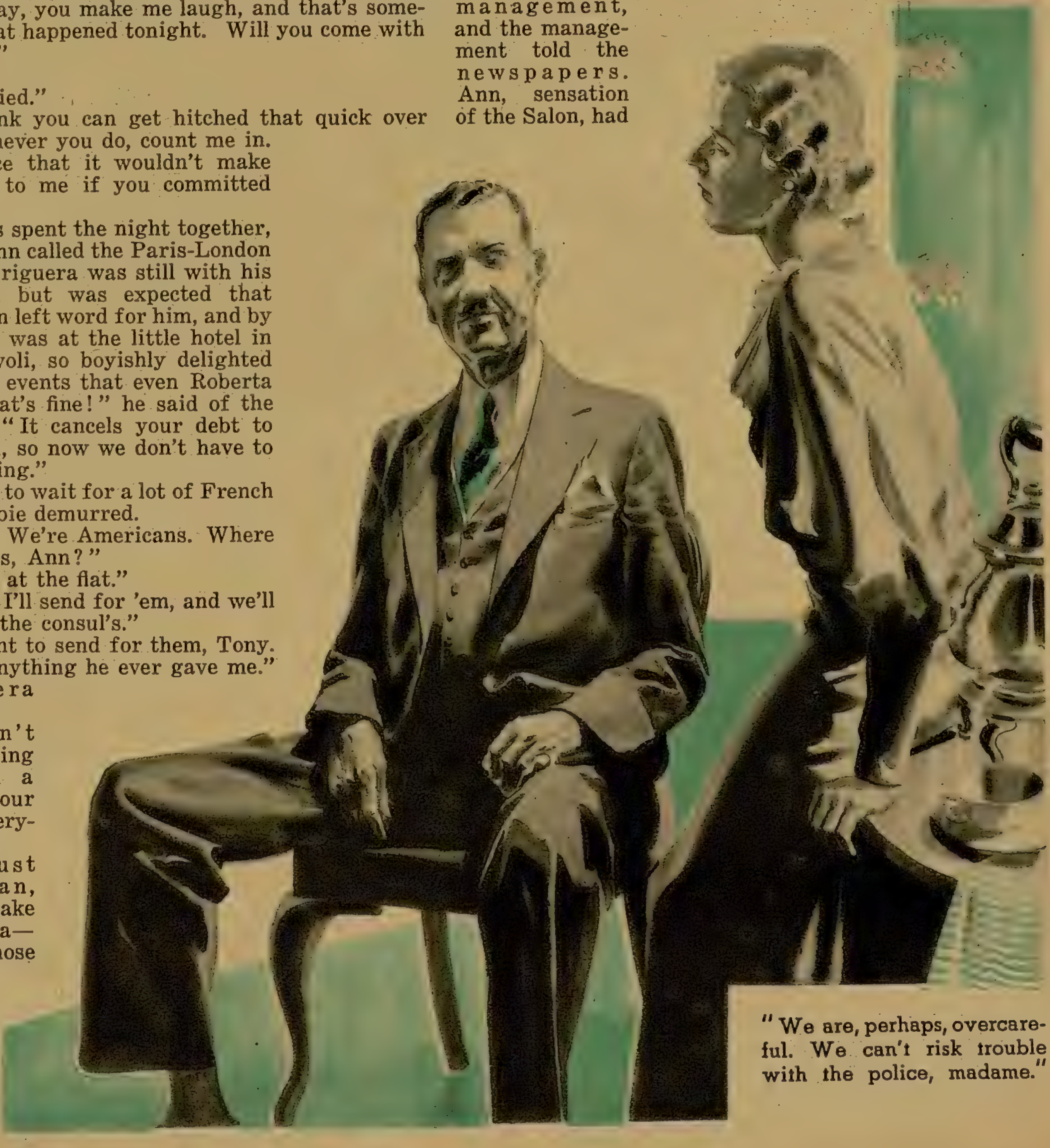
"That's just what I mean, Tony. They make me feel like a—like one of those women. We're going to start fresh. Even what I wore out of the house I'm going to send back to him. The platinum wrist watch and all the other gewgaws, they go back. I *couldn't* wear them."

Roberta had slipped out of the room, and an instant later Tony had Ann in his arms. It was their first kiss—something to be remembered always. There is a difference between fire and heat—between the flashing, burning, eager embrace of youth and the suffocating something that comes after.

"I'm glad," Ann whispered. "Oh, Tony, I'm glad even of last night. It *did* cancel everything. We can *live* now!"

They were married the following morning, after Madriguera had taken some pains to assure himself that the ceremony was perfectly legal. "We want everything regular," he told Ann. "'To have and to hold,' that's me, darling." Dufresne gave the bride away, and he and Roberta "signed up" as witnesses, and afterward the artist took them to luncheon at Lavenue. "It's the first two of my paintings that ever got married," he chuckled, repeating the joke to the waiters and any one else willing to listen. In ten minutes the whole restaurant knew what was occurring, and the orchestra played the wedding march from Lohengrin, while everybody laughed and applauded.

The next day the whole world knew. Ann told *le régisseur,* of course, and he told the management, and the management told the newspapers. Ann, sensation of the Salon, had



"We are, perhaps, overcareful. We can't risk trouble with the police, madame."

married the Rising Sun. J. Benton wired congratulations—collect—from London, and added that he hoped to have important news of the same type in the near future.

"It's getting to be an epidemic," Ann laughed; "you and me, Tony—and Roberta, and father."

"If your father marries Mrs. Saintsbury, he'll be a duchess or something, won't he?" Tony grinned.

What Price Gordon thought of the whole business, nobody ever knew, for he'd left town when Tony returned the neat package of jewelry Ann dispatched to her former lover. "The secretary wouldn't say where," Tony reported, "but I told her the package was valuable, and took a receipt. I think you're very foolish though."

They had spent their wedding night at the Hotel Crillon—two charming rooms, with a balcony overlooking the Place de la Concorde. "It's too expensive," Ann said. "And, anyway," she added to herself, "Price comes here far too often." Tony thought they might splurge a little under the circumstances, and move at the end of the week. "I've got to fly as a bird to yon London tomorrow," he grumbled. "Want to come, Ann? I *can't* leave you. Damn this job, anyway."

"*I* can't risk missing another show."

"Don't complain of that accident. It gave you to me."

TONY could—and did say the most charming things. They were always on his lips—when Ann wasn't, which was rather infrequently. He was gay and lighthearted, and considerate as not even Price had been. Gordon had locked her in and brought emeralds. Tony brought ridiculous toys from street vendors, and flowers stolen from the park, with funny stories of how he did it, and was always urging her to "go places and see things." "Why don't you and Bobbie go to the matinee at the Mayol?"

Ann was deliriously happy. "What a fool *you* are, Bobbie. Are you really going to marry your M. Cochet?"

"Cochin—not Cochet, Ann. A *cochet* is a young cock. I don't know. I haven't asked him yet. I probably shan't so long as you and I are teamed up. He wouldn't want me to work. But I could be very contented with Jean Baptiste."

"*Contented*—what's *that?* I want—what I've got. And Tony doesn't like my working, either."

That wasn't true. Madriguera had suggested that he give up *his* job, but not that *she* give up hers, Ann realized—which was why Roberta's chance shot had hurt.

"You'll both have to do more than work if you're going to live at the Crillon," Bobbie said. "And this here ecstasy you're talking about is no good as a steady diet."

"How do *you* know?"

"You'd be surprised," Bobbie grinned. "Seriously, Ann, there's something about bread and butter that's awful satisfying. You don't get tired of it. And it's more sus-

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taining than cake. I can't explain why, but I've always had a weakness for solid citizens."

The next morning brought another collect cable from J. Benton. "Emeralds did the trick," it read. "Bird came down slowly but right into my arms. Engagement to be announced later, but nothing to worry about. Quitting Gordon and awaiting your congratulations. Send twenty pounds. Love. Father."

Ann was glad J. Benton had quit. That ended her last connection with Gordon. She'd meant to wire her father to resign, feeling sure he'd be dismissed anyway, and feeling that either his staying or being put out was a humiliation. The twenty pounds wasn't so easy. Tony paid their bills at the Crillon, but there were so many other things. "We'd better get out of here, Tony," she advised. "We can't afford it, and that's that."

Tony said, "I'm expecting a raise."

"Even then, Tony."

"All right, but we won't move into a hovel. I'm not going to have you contrasting what you had with what you have."

"I didn't have you, Tony."

That would have made up for anything. Ann was a respectable married woman, and she adored her husband. She adored him even for his faults—his recklessness, his vanity, his utter selfishness, which was combined curiously with the most touching but increasingly infrequent thought of her. Tony drank too much also, and left burning cigarettes on the furniture, and pinched the cheek of the serving maid when he believed that Ann was in the next room. But Tony's kisses sent the blood pounding to Ann's temples, and Tony's swagger, as they walked in the parks together, made every one turn to look at him. He was a romantic figure in his flying clothes, and Ann thrilled at the sight of him. The alternate days he spent in London were trying, especially since Ann was beginning to be—well, just a little mite jealous now. She hoped he was right in thinking that raise might transfer him to work at Le Bourget.

Anyway, Ann was happy—with occasional doubts and forebodings, and a swift hot quarrel once or twice. So happy that, for the first time in months, she found herself improvising happy songs. The first of these she tried on Roberta, who thought it "too mushy," but later on, alone in the gardens of the Tuileries, she surprised herself by singing some words and music that hadn't even been in her mind. Where did they come from? Ann didn't know, but when she repeated the song to Roberta, her friend said, "Got it this time, Ann," and *le régisseur* agreed.

THE number went into the new show and, as people still remember in Paris, quickly displaced Lonely Rivers. It was something quite different from Ann's accustomed chants—a sort of spring song, full of laughter and tulips and love. The conductor of the orchestra worked with her on it, and less than a fortnight afterward the whole town was singing:

"Dew in the grass
And wine in the air;
Fragrance of violets
Hid in your hair.
Nobody minds
If the young blossoms cling.
Katie, come kiss me—
It's spring, dear; it's spring!"

Which was the more remarkable because since her entrance into the theater Ann never had got up early enough to see dew on anything. The charm of her songs was their utter simplicity, their obvious spontaneity; they poured from one's lips as naturally as water from a pitcher. There was a perfect wedding of words, music, and delivery.

The girls were on the crest now. A new song hit, a new romance, and that continually talked-about picture to whet curiosity. Every one who came to Paris had to see "Ann." The painting was being reproduced in Vienna and Berlin and New York and London—on post cards and in rotogravure sections of the newspapers and colored prints. Gordon, wandering about Europe, sullen, restless, and remorseful, couldn't get away from it. All the music halls in town were bidding for Roberta White and Ann Cutler, and Bobbie's widower-agent told her they could get any price they asked *anywhere*. Knowing all this, the management renewed their second contract at almost double their second salary, a thing no Frenchman would do unless he felt that he had to and that he was making a very large profit on his generosity.

The new contract was a godsend to Ann. Roberta had saved money every week, but, even while she was with Gordon, the contents of Ann's little envelope rarely seemed to get as far as the bank. Now what she called her nest egg was needed for refitting her wardrobe. She had taken from the flat only what she was wearing, and had to buy shoes, stockings, lingerie, dresses, coats—everything. Scarcely more than a year ago Ann had felt very grand with a pair of three-dollar shoes, two cheap frocks, and a hat. But in the Avenue Elysée *reclus*, she had had a closet for shoes only—forty pairs of them side by side like soldiers—and her frocks came from Patou and Lanvin and Molyneux. She went back to these couturières as a matter of course, and felt herself frugal when she canceled an order for a chiffon evening wrap that cost three hundred dollars.

J. BENTON was proving expensive too, now that he was out of work and a-wooing. Ann had begun by proposing to send him twelve pounds a week. "I can't let you support me any more," he had responded. "Why should you give me twelve pounds a week? Suppose you lend me twice that, and I'll pay you with interest the day of my marriage. That should be before very long." They had compromised on twenty pounds—which was a third of Ann's share of salary.

Of course it was all wrong—"not fair to Tony," Ann thought, in remorseful moments. "Naturally, he throws away money when he sees me doing it." The flat he proposed taking, in order to leave the hotel, was away beyond Tony's means. "That's all right," Tony said. "We're both working, and you're getting something from that insurance policy, aren't you?"

"What insurance policy?"

"The one Gordon bought for you—the one you told me about when the plane came down."

"Goodness, Tony, did you remember that?"

"Of course. I'm not likely to forget anything that happened our first night together. You get a little something from that policy, don't you—just for your own personal use?"

"No."

Tony laughed.

"All right, if you feel that way about it. But what's going to happen to the money if you die? Gordon won't take it back; that's certain. You said it went to your father, but what will he want with it, now that he's marrying Mrs. Croesus?"

Ann hadn't thought about that. She hadn't thought about the policy at all. But Tony was right; she'd better think about it. "You're right, Tony. What would father do with fifty thousand dollars?"

"Is that the amount?"

"Yes, and Price really took out the policy on Bobbie's account, too."

"Then why didn't he name her as beneficiary?"

Ann searched her memory.

"He said I might be married and have children."

"Well, you might."

Ann laughed too.

"I *am* married."

"You might do the rest of it. Did you make a will, Ann?"

"No. I was going to, but—"

"You certainly should. If anything happened to you, all the money would go to your father, who doesn't need it, and not a penny to Bobbie. And what of our unborn children, dear?"

Ann didn't know what to do.

If she died intestate, everything probably *would* go to her father, which certainly wasn't fair to Bobbie. She brought herself, finally, to write Gordon, but he didn't answer, and at last she let a friend of Tony, an attorney for the Paris-London Airways, draw a will which she signed quickly, to get it out of the way. One third of the money to Bobbie, one third to Tony, and one third to J. Benton, unless he married Mrs. Saintsbury, in which case most of the estate was to be divided equally between Roberta and Tony. And in the event of " issue " —Ann had to laugh at that—Tony was to hold his share " in trust for said issue."

The newlyweds moved into their newly furnished flat late in June. After all, it wasn't so frightfully expensive—a walk-up in the Faubourg St. Honoré, opposite a clubhouse that had once been the home of the Baron de Rothschild. However, Tony spent a small fortune having the place refitted. " I can live anywhere," he said, " but I can't take *you* into a tenement. It wouldn't be good business, anyway."

" But, Tony, where's it all coming from? "

That question was answered the very next day. Ann had just finished breakfast. Tony — oddly enough — was at his office. He hadn't been going often of late. Three weeks ago he had got his expected promotion, which had taken him out of the flying service and put him in charge of equipment. He came and went pretty much as he pleased now.

Ann's new maid came into her boudoir.

" There's a gentleman calling," she announced, giving Ann a card that read, " Félix Camoin. Confidential Agent, Monnier Brothers."

A credit house probably. Was Tony going into debt?

" I'll see him in the drawing room."

He was a very lean man with a very long nose, and he was neatly dressed and overpolite. " Madame knows our firm, of course—one of the oldest established jewelers."

Good Lord, a jewelry salesman!

" I'm not interested in jewelry—"

" Then madame hasn't lost any recently? Any jewelry, I mean."

" Of course not."

" Nor had any stolen? "

" No."

" That's all right, then," the man said. " We are, perhaps, overcareful. When monsieur told us he was employed by the Paris-London Airways—"

" M. Madriguera? "

" Yes. When he told us that, and we found that he wasn't—that he had left the company, without explanation, nearly a month ago—"

" Are you crazy? My husband hasn't left—"

" On June third, to be exact, madame. So, naturally, that made our manager a trifle suspicious. We're very cautious. We have to be."

" What *are* you talking about? "

" We can't risk trouble with the police, madame. When M. Madriguera sold us this platinum wrist watch, madame—well, of course, it was handsome, yet still not important. But these rings, and this necklace, which he brought to us yesterday—"

Ann closed her eyes. She didn't want to look any longer at the jewels she'd given Tony to take back to Gordon.

" We have so many cases where husbands aren't authorized—if you gather my meaning, madame. We *have* to investigate. Am I to report that madame will make no complaint? "

How will Ann handle this delicate situation, the outcome of which holds either future happiness or disappointment for her? Is Tony guilty? If so, why did he tell Ann he delivered the presents, and received a receipt for them? Read the startling developments in next week's issue.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **THEATRE OF LIFE** by Esme Howard. Little, Brown & Company.

An amazingly fine book of reminiscences by one of the most acceptable Ambassadors Great Britain ever sent to the United States. He has led a full life and tells his adventures with restraint, humor, and amiability.

★ ★ ★ **OUR LORDS AND MASTERS** by The Unofficial Observer. Simon & Schuster.

The world is going to the devil because of its leaders and here is an analysis of them all—from Great Britain to Manchuria and Abyssinia. A discouraging book about the whip-crackers.

★ ★ ★ **ACTIVE GAMES AND CONTESTS** by Bernard S. Mason and Elmer D. Mitchell. A. S. Barnes & Co.

A monumental study in the theory and practice of play. More than 1,800 games and contests are outlined—enough to take care of the leisure of America even if it becomes a technocracy.

★ ★ ★ **WALK HUMBLY** by Barbara B. Stevens. Houghton Mifflin Company.

A story of two sisters brought up in a small Vermont town. Emily marries a rich man, travels, has every luxury, but is unhappy. Drusilla marries the boy back home who becomes the country doctor. She is supremely happy, for she married for love.

★ ★ ★ **POWERS THAT BE** by Alexander Cannon. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

Experience and explanation of psychic phenomena by an accredited English doctor. A book that is certain to excite controversy between realists who believe only what they see, and idealists who have faith in the evidence of things not seen.

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Vox Pop

IS IT POSSIBLE, RUBY?

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO—In November 2 Liberty Beverly Hills makes the statement that Ruby Keeler dances 840 taps each minute.

As one dancer to another, will Ruby kindly explain how she can tap fourteen taps per second? I have seen all of her pictures and have yet to see one where she tapped half that fast.—*Florence L. Arkwright.*

I RODE A HORSE IN MID-ATLANTIC

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why don't you tell some *true* war stories, like this one that happened to me? I was raised down in Texas, where horses and mules share honors with people. So my worth to my company suddenly took on a greater value when the outfit was made over into a machine-gun company immediately before we sailed for France in 1917. You see, machine-gun units have either mules or automobiles with which to transport the heavy guns and ammunition on long hauls. Try as much as I knew how, I couldn't escape being pressed into service as a stable sergeant.

Another man in the company who understood how to take care of animals was an old pal of mine named James O. Chambers. When I was ordered to go aboard the animal transport and supervise the care of our new charges crossing the Atlantic, I took Chambers and another fellow along to help with our sixteen mules and six horses. Other units had their allotments aboard the same ship.

Every morning there would be at least one dead animal to throw over the side, and sometimes more. Horses and mules are not the best sailors in the world. The care and handling of the sick and well ones is enough of a task aboard ship when the sea is high, but it is really a hard job to get the dead animals out of the hold. We used block and tackle, of course.

One day I grabbed an upright rigid foreleg of an animal and gave a mighty heave. Chambers performed a like feat with a rear limb. In going over the side the body of the horse made its start by doing a head spin. A stiff leg caught both Chambers and myself. I don't know which of the three hit the water first. When I came back to the surface the transport was just leaving us in a whirling current of foam.

We found we couldn't get away from our recent charge in the swirling water. There was nothing to do but climb aboard the horse, and we found him harder to ride than a bucking bronco. We were rescued in about thirty minutes. That's the only time I ever rode a horse in mid-Atlantic.—*Dan Edwards.*

[Have any more veterans some stories like this for Vox Pop? Send them along!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

4 MEALS . . . POINT OF DEATH

MADISON, WIS.—Where is your literary editor? Obviously he does not read the stories in Liberty.

In Crossing the Gorge, by Gregory Jackson (November 2 issue), the hero and heroine are at the point of death from starvation after missing only *four* meals and housed in a cabin with a good fire and "a tall stack of dry wood."—*S. A. Williams.*

FINAL MARRIAGE PAPERS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—One of our greatest public needs is a complete recodification of our marriage laws. Under the present loose archaic system the average young man or woman gets married two or three times before he or she "settles down."

We must have legislation which will make man and wife more responsible to the state. I suggest a system patterned after the procedure in obtaining citizenship.

At the end of the first year the contracting couple would be given their first marriage papers. At the end of the third year, their second marriage papers. Upon completing the five-year period of cohabitation they would then receive their *final* marriage papers.

Provisions would permit the couple to terminate the relationship at any time prior to the five-year probationary term simply by applying for papers of dissolution. Such simple regulations would eliminate wrangling, expense, unnecessary publicity, court costs, and attendant evils.

It should be provided that, upon completion of the five-year probationary period and receipt of final marriage papers, each couple would be required to post bond in a substantial amount. Then, if either sued for divorce, the amount of the bond would be forfeited to the state.—*Miss E. Poultney.*

ONLY ONE PITTSBURGH

HAGERSTOWN, MD.—The other day I happened to pick up the May 11 Liberty. In reading through the magazine I came to your Twenty Questions. Reading Question No. 3, I was quite surprised to see "only" written in the question, for there are other Pittsburghs in the United States:

One in Kansas, with a population of 18,057 at the 1920 census. One in California. I cannot find it on my map, but am sure there is one in Alabama.

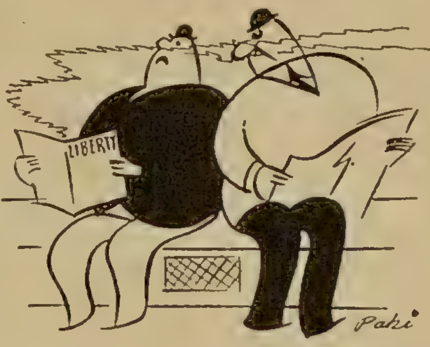
No offense intended in reminding you of this error.—*Mrs. L. Plowman.*

[The United States Official Postal Guide lists Pittsburg, Kansas; Pittsburg, California; but none in Alabama. Other Pittsburgs are in Georgia, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, New Hampshire, Oklahoma, Texas. In Pennsylvania is the only Pittsburg*h*. Question No. 3 read: "Where is the only Pittsburg*h* in the United States?" and the *h* was italicized.—TWENTY QUESTIONS EDITOR.]

SWEET ATTAR OF LIBERTY

TORONTO, ONT.—Too many magazines smell to high heaven of something abominable; it seems to be the printing ink.

Why not have Liberty set the fashion for a sweet-smelling magazine? Send out a nicely perfumed edition—let it be a treat for the nose as well as for eye, heart, and brain. Think how pleasant to be greeted each week by some flower scent—lilacs in early spring, roses a little later—oh, use your imagination.



Sweet-smelling pages should increase the circulation of Liberty. I think this idea is not only worth adopting but you should pay me for it.—*H. C. Hamilton.*

THREE AIMS OF MASADA

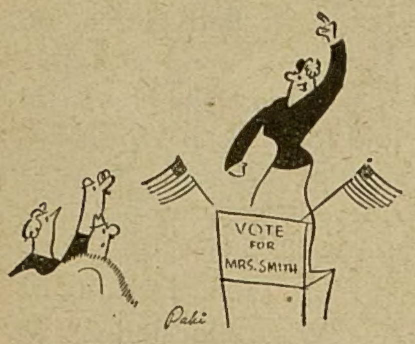
NEW YORK, N. Y.—In September 7 Liberty an article discussing Communist activity in Los Angeles carried the statement, "And on the Los Angeles police list of 'contact' leaders, the Epworth League boys figure along with the Filipino Communist Association and the Zion Masada." This statement carries the implication that in some way the Masada movement is linked with Communism. As this is not the case, I hope that, in all fairness, you will publish prominently the following declaration of our aims.

Masada, the Youth Zionist organization of America, is engaged in the work of:

1. Building a Jewish homeland in Palestine.
2. Strengthening Jewish community life in America.
3. Defending Jewish rights throughout the world.—*Milton S. Taylor, Member National Executive Committee.*

MEN CUTTING PAPER DOLLS

Pasadena, Calif.—Have read Liberty for a long, long time, and must say that I have always enjoyed it immensely, but I never thought I'd see the day when Liberty would have the men of the U. S. A. cutting out paper dolls—Jinkys, or what have you—and making them pay for the privilege.



It's no wonder women run for political offices when men deteriorate to such a point.—*Will P. Auchy.*

CURTIN ANSWERS HIS CRITICS

Pueblo, Colo.—After reading the article by D. Thomas Curtin in October 26 Liberty I thought of a lot of questions:

Does Liberty approve of Mr. Curtin's actions in 1917?

Is he a traitor to the United States, or is he a hero? (He boasted of using British gold—yet we can't collect the war debt!)

In a paragraph near the end he says, "It wasn't true. But it turned the trick"—the trick being sinking neutral boats without thought of the lives of innocent people!

Ask Mr. Attorney General for a ruling on this case. If you don't I'll ask him, even if he says "Naw!" I'd just like to know.

Remember, I don't know Mr. Curtin. All I know is what you tell or he tells in Liberty. If he tells the truth, then I think the soldier in the ranks received a dollar a day for killing better men than he.

It is hard to believe—and he admits he is a liar in the quoted paragraph in this letter: "It wasn't true. But it turned the trick."

I will certainly say—and possibly do—things to the face of the first public official who "thinks we should go to war in Europe again" unless for a much better reason than we had. Please answer.—*Gus Reynolds.*

Reply of D. Thomas Curtin to Mr. Reynolds's Letter

In 1916 my hope was to save American lives, not sacrifice them. I knew firsthand that Germany's rulers would drive us into war with the U-boat policy they planned. The way the war was going against the Allies, the sooner a united force crushed Kaiserism the fewer lives we Americans should lose.

In 1935, with equal patriotic sincerity, I emphasized certain tricks of international diplomacy in my Liberty article to make us look more sharply behind Britain's motives in trying to draw us into sanctions against Italy.—*D. Thomas Curtin.*

97% SLAVE . . . 3% FREE

Oak Park, Ill.—Bernarr Macfadden has been turning out some rattling good editorials these past few weeks—especially the one that appeared for November 9, Unemployment Relief a Great National Tragedy.

Relief and the dole have surely eliminated a lot of ambition in this country. Had the powers that be asked my advice, I would have told them to make long-term character loans bearing a small rate of interest.

To hell with the relief and dole—give us credit!—*Carl C. Marshall.*

Comanche, Okla. — Unemployment Relief a Great National Tragedy. Yah? Don't forget, Mr. Macfadden, that our present condition is the result of over 150 years of moral and spiritual guidance of the church and political and economic guidance of the Democratic and Republican parties jointly and severally.

Unemployment is caused by the unjust distribution of the product of labor, both brain and brawn, which in turn has been brought about by class legislation, both state and national.

Lincoln said, "No country can live half slave and half free." Do you deny that statement? Then how can a nation survive, 97 per cent slave, 3 per cent free?—"*Dad*" *Hart.*

COLLINGS GETS THE GIRLS

Waco, Tex.—Just to prevent your wondering *why* when your circulation soon leaps upward—I'll tell you:

It'll be because of a fellow named Kenneth Brown Collings. Yes, his articles on the Ethiopian situation promise to be very interesting features. But—well, I'll tell you. The girls here figure a picture of this fellow is just about something. "What movie hero could hold a candle to this guy?" they ask.

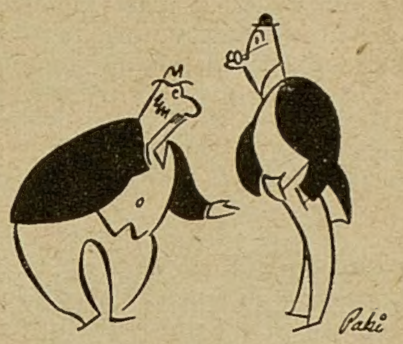
Time was when these frails all read the same Liberty. But now they all line up for separate copies. "I ask you," they say, "would one picture of this hero do for umpteen girls?"

I guess the answer's No, Liberty. So-o-o keep the girls happy, give Gable a rest, and boost your circulation by being very generous with pictures of Mr. Collings.—*Sock 'n' Duck.*

FROM KING OF HOBOES

Cincinnati, Ohio — As a weekly reader of your ever popular magazine, I noticed in September 28 Vox Pop an item by one who signs himself Dan O'Brien Rex.

That faker was never a hobo in all of his aged years. Time and again he has given statements to the press, most of which have been silly, and it reflected upon our great membership of over 800,842, listed for years with the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C.

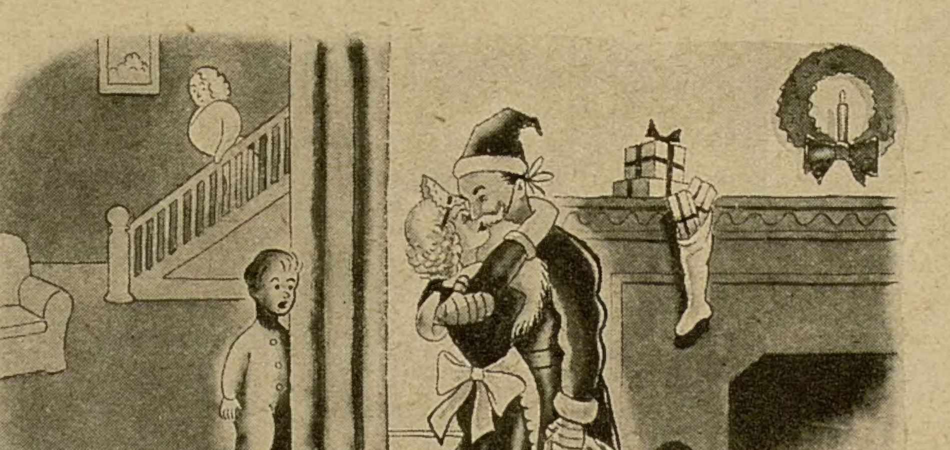


Every one of us must find our place in life to fit in and do our share in making America a fit place to live in. America will never be a bums' roost, and everybody who claims to be a hobo is not a hobo—he may just be an out-and-out bum who never did anything worth while but is on hand when he or she can get something for nothing. We hoboes are tired of impostors giving out false impressions of us Hoboes of America.—*Jeff Davis, King of Hoboes.*

FROM ONE OF THOSE D—— TRUCK DRIVERS

Los Angeles, Calif.—Having driven trucks over 300,000 miles—more than half of this distance being at night—I realize, and hope that the thousands of Liberty's readers recognize and will heed, the advice and common sense contained in Governor Hoffman's article, Death After Dark, in the November 2 issue.

I want to thank the publishers and Governor Hoffman for bringing this discussion to the public's mind, as it cannot help but do in a powerful way.—*One of those D—— Truck Drivers.*



"Aw, shucks, it's only poppa!"

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"I'd like very much to go to jail if you don't mind," said Jack Smith as he stepped up to Police Sergeant Kelly. "I'm one of the guys you're looking for in that $17,000 mail-truck holdup in Conshohocken last week."

At the police station Smith explained: "My wife got mad at me and I decided I'd rather be in jail."

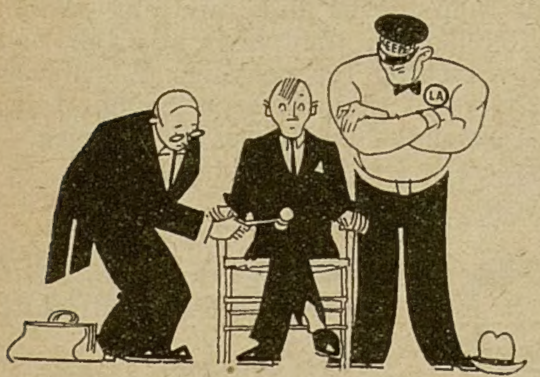
MOSCOW, U. S. S. R.—Crowded housing conditions led to a decision that G. S. Miliukov might marry but might not live with his wife. A marriage license was refused to Miliukov until he should have obtained consent of the committee operating the apartment house where he lived. He brought back a certificate:

"Comrade Miliukov may marry, but he is not permitted to bring his wife into his living area."

SEVILLE, CALIF.—When one of the inmates of a local lunatic asylum was allowed to go to Seville Fair, he struck up acquaintance with a stranger with whom he had several drinks.

"Come and pass the night at my place," said the inmate, when his companion discovered that he had missed his last train. The stranger accepted. Next morning he was flabbergasted to find wardens bending over him.

It was several hours before the mistake was explained.



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Happy Happenings

Eddie Cantor is not only a famous actor but says it all came out of a ten-cent can of white bathtub enamel that was upset and went over the frame of his black goggles. He wore them as a contrast to his blackface make-up in an act in a small Brooklyn variety theater.

Since using white-frame spectacles on the stage, Eddie Cantor has had a better outlook on life.—*Roy L. McCardell.*

●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

What's sauce for a goose is source for propaganda.

-The New Deal.

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COVER CREATED BY GEORGE LARKIN—MACFADDEN STUDIO

NEXT WEEK LIBERTY PRESENTS

SNOWED UNDER

by LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

This smart novel of two wives and one husband has everything you hope to find—and some surprises for good measure. You'll take Joshua Tanner, playwright and gentleman, straight to your heart. He's that sort. But his wives, both of them "ex-," present more of a problem. Begin Snowed Under next week and read every word of it for big dividends in delightful entertainment.

REJUVENATION — 1936 by BERNARR MACFADDEN

You can postpone your old age by natural methods more effectively than by the "needle" or the knife, concludes Mr. Macfadden, and tells you how, citing instances to support his findings.

MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS by SHIRLEY TEMPLE

She's going to ask for another dollar a week allowance; she's going to try to remember "please" and to remind others of it too; she's going to have a try at horseback— But read this delightful statement in Shirley Temple's own words.

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

The Health Resort Where Hundreds of Amazing Recoveries Have Taken Place

IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete cooperation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

Thomas Dixon, Famous Author Says Regarding Physical Culture Hotel,

"I came to Dansville severely crippled with a long siege of arthritis which affected my foot. I could hardly walk. I took a two weeks' course of dieting and treatment and went home feeling fine and walking normally.

"I discovered that I did not need meat to live well and feel well. It was a revelation I will not forget.

"The air of the Genesee hills is a tonic and the spirit of the Physical Culture Hotel, an inspiration. I wish everyone in America could have the experience."

Sincerely,
THOMAS DIXON.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
INCORPORATED
DANSVILLE NEW YORK

FOOT SUFFERERS EVERYWHERE!

Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Macfadden Foundation, announces the opening of the Foundation's first FOOT CLINIC at the PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL HEALTH RESORT, Dansville, New York, January 1, 1936. Here the foot sufferer may receive in connection with other prescribed drugless treatments and instruction with the desired privacy and comfort, scientific corrective foot treatments which have been definitely proven as a major aid in correcting many of the present day deformities and ailments resulting from the wearing of improper footwear.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

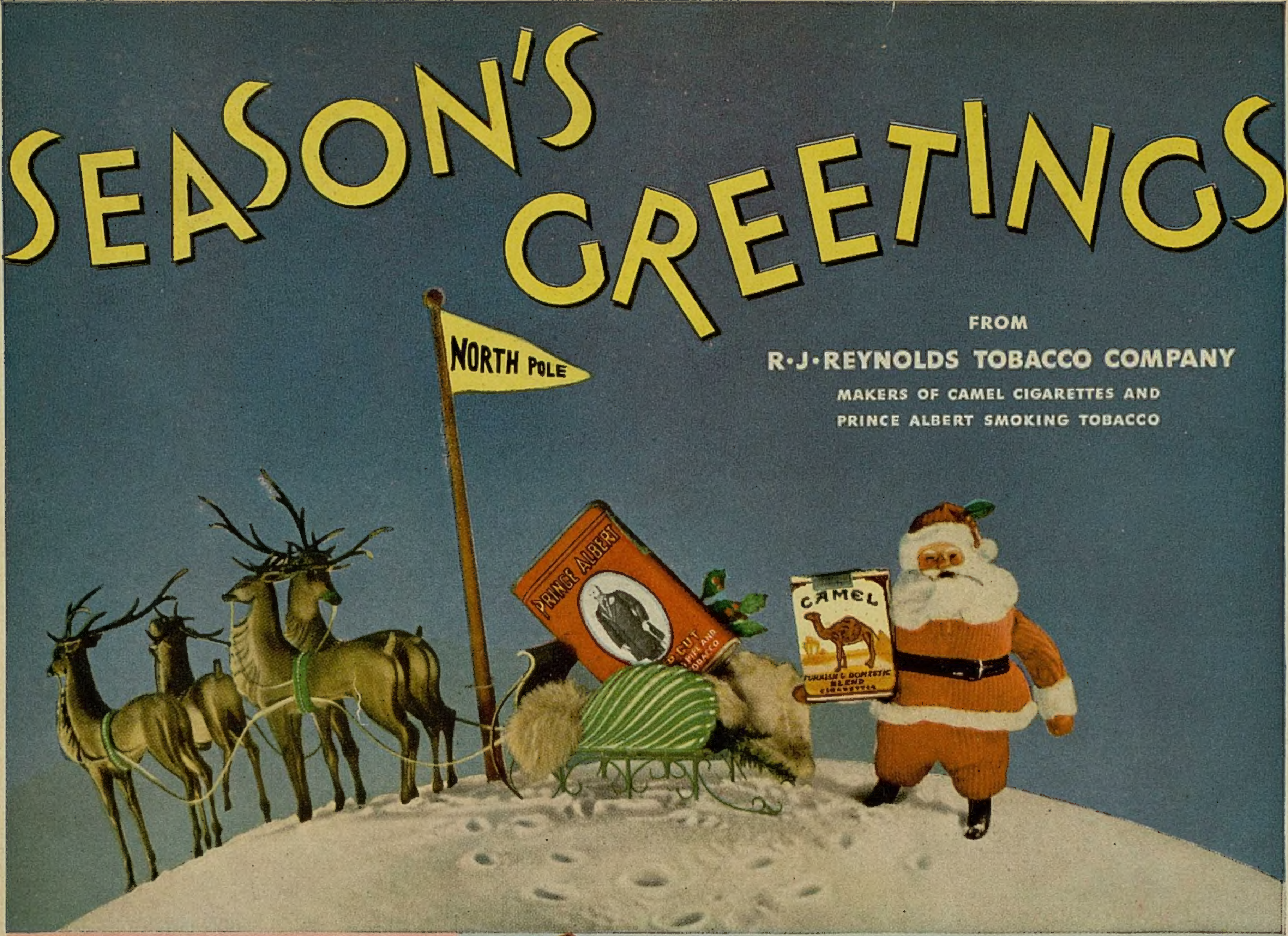
Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L 1221
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including mo

Name____________________

Street____________________

Town____________________



SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

R·J·REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO

NORTH POLE
PRINCE ALBERT
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Camels

Of course you'll give cigarettes for Christmas. They're such an *acceptable* gift—such an easy solution of your problem. And Camels fill the bill so perfectly. They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. They are the accepted cigarette of the social, business, and athletic worlds. Their finer tobaccos give that pleasant "lift"—that sense of well-being so appropriate to the spirit of Christmas.

A Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in a gay package.

At your nearest dealer's—the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes.

Season's Greetings
CAMELS
To
From
Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and domestic—than any other popular brand
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
4 BOXES OF CAMEL "FIFTIES"

A full pound of Prince Albert in an attractive gift package.

PRINCE ALBERT
Season's Greetings
Merry Christmas
CRIMP CUT

A full pound of Prince Albert packed in a real glass humidor.

Prince Albert

Fine tobacco for Christmas. For more than a quarter of a century, the mellow fragrance of Prince Albert has been as much a part of Christmas as mistletoe and holly. So to the pipe smokers on your Christmas list give Prince Albert, "The National Joy Smoke." It's the *welcome* gift. For more men choose Prince Albert for *themselves* than any other pipe tobacco. Let every pipeful of Prince Albert repeat "Merry Christmas" for you.

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